

Hundredth Year

March 4, 1926

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION



"STRIKE!" YELLED SHER . . . See Page 168

From a painting by C. LeRoy Baldrige

In Channel Waters, by Mary Austin

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

VOLUME 100

NUMBER 9

DRAWINGS BY
C. LEROY BALDRIGE



The boy in the boat was busy with his hook among the shoals of darting fish in the water

IT was the time of full tide in the bay of Avalon, and, this being also supper time, Phil Arnet had the long wharf all to himself as he sat and kicked his heels against the piles and watched the strings of fisher boats rocking in the rosy water. That it was the first of May and the island season not fairly opened was not the least of his grievances. In the first place he had had measles, which was of itself an indignity, and after getting out imprudently to a ball game he had suffered a relapse, on account of which he had been packed off for his health's sake to Santa Catalina.

At the worst of times Catalina is an island to delight the soul of a sea-loving boy, and most boys are that; but in Phil's case there were difficulties. The rest of the family could not be expected before June, and his grandmother, the only one who could be spared to come with him, detested the water, thought all boats dangerous and all boatmen untrustworthy. So Philip sat on the wharf and swung his legs, with little prospect of anything more interesting to do for weeks to come, and as he sat he followed with his eyes the movements of a boy skillfully working an orange-colored skiff through the rows of boats that lined all the crescent of the cove.

This boy was of about Philip's size, or a little larger, and looked somehow native to the sea, though there was not one thing more than another about him that helped out the impression. He was paddling with one hand and with the other making eccentric movements with a bamboo pole and a short fishing line. He worked the boat at intervals, looking intently at the water, and swung and dipped his pole and snatched it up now and then with a wriggling, silver-glistening sardine upon the hook.

"Hello," said Philip, as the orange-colored boat came nosing by the wharf.

"Hello yourself," said the boy.

"What you doing?"

"Snatching bait." He shook a sardine off the three-barbed hook and held it up for Philip to see. The light fell strong on his sun-burned features, and Phil's own face glowed instantly with pleased recognition.

"I say, kid," he cried, "didn't you used to go to the Wilson grammar school?"

The boy in the boat nodded and went back to dipping and jerking with his pole again.

"I thought I'd seen you before. You used to play in the baseball nine. That was a dandy hit you made when you played the Highland Park fellows. Your name's Stevens, isn't it? What's your other name?"

"Sherman Grant, but the fellows call me Sher," said the fisher boy. "I don't remember you, though." He threw up the pole with two sardines struggling on the barbs.

Phil nodded his appreciation of the catch. "I'm Phil Arnet," he said. "My father's Judge Arnet of Pasadena." It was not possi-

In Channel Waters

By MARY AUSTIN

I. A Trouble-Making Tuna

ble that Philip realized the amount of swelling importance that he contrived always to throw into that statement.

The other boy did not speak; he was still busy with his hook among the shoals of darting fish that showed deceptively near and clear in the translucent water.

"Geewhitaker!" said Phil. "Ain't they thick! Oh, look! Look over there!"

A school of sardines chased by yellowtails broke up the surface of the bay with a thousand silver splatterings.

Sher grasped both oars and swung the boat about until it bumped against the wharf. "You come too," he said, answering the wish in Philip's eyes.

Phil wrapped his legs about a pile and dropped lightly into the Theresa. Away to their right the sardines had dashed into the tangle of boats and leapt by hundreds in the shallows until a wave shook them out along the shore. As they sheered off toward Sugar Loaf, Sher drove the bright Theresa into the midst of them and went dipping and snatching until the bottom of the boat was fairly covered with the shining catch.

He gave the pole to Philip then; "Now you try," he said.

And Philip tried, with as much success as could be expected, while Sher pulled slowly about the bay.

The sun was low, touching the tops of the hills and shining far out to sea. Eastward the fogs split and showed them the purple mainland and the yellow patch at the foot of the hills that were San Pedro. Along shore the Italian fishermen mended their nets, sitting

cross-legged on the sand, and under the awning of the orange-colored boat stand Captain Willey baited hooks for sand dabs against the morning fishing.

Philip filled in the pauses of his unsuccessful conversation. "This your boat?" he asked.

"No. Belongs to Smith Brothers. I work for them; that's our stand yonder, and our string of boats."

"Do you go fishing all the time?"

"No, only to get bait. We are painting and rigging boats now mostly. But I go out with ladies sometimes, when they want to go fishing, and I take out the glass-bottom boat."

This was good news for Philip. What one boy did another boy could learn to do, and the way Sherman pushed the Theresa over the shining bay looked as safe as anything imaginable.

"I'll get my grandmother to hire one of Smith's boats, and you to row it," he was beginning to say when Sher whirled the boat suddenly about, pulling strongly toward the open sea. "Hi—what's the matter?"

"Flying fish," cried Sher, "and tuna chasing them. First of the season."

The flying fish were out beyond the anchor buoy between the horns of the crescent bay, and Sher drove the boat across their line of flight. Winged arrows they were for swiftness, all silver-bright below and burnished blue above, flying low with a whistling sound of wings.

Sher brought one down with the oar, and one struck Philip on the chest as he sprang

half up in excitement, and fell back into the boat. Philip turned it over in great wonder.

"My, but it's a beauty! Did you see the great splash the others made when they went down?"

"That must have been the tuna waiting for them. They go along under the water like a streak and catch the fliers when they strike. It's early for tuna, though; they don't begin to run much before the middle of May."

Sherman cut off the broad winglike fore fins of Philip's fish, pinned them out in the stern to dry, and began to open the island's budget of fish stories and all the lore of tuna fishing; how they struck and how they were to be played; the size and weight and the fighting strength of them; how they had been known to tow a boat for two miles and capsize and nearly drown the fisherman who tried to land them.

"Flying fish is the best bait for them," he said.

"My, is that so?" said Phil, turning over the fish in his hand. "Don't you wish we could catch one!"

Sher was already uncoiling and testing a line he had taken from under the seat.

"It won't hurt to try," he said, thinking not so much of the chance of a fish as of pleasing Phil, but catching the excitement as the flying fish rose once more outside the bay.

They talked again as Sher worked the boat across from Sugar Loaf to Lookout Hill while Philip trailed the line astern; and, after the manner of boys, they got to know much of each other in a short time. Philip talked the most, but the Stevens boy had most to tell. He had no family, he told Phil, except his father, who was in the Soldiers' Home at Santa Monica; and when he had said that, though it was modestly said, Philip was made to feel that the honor was not to be rated below his own father's place upon the bench.

They had come away from the East to better Mr. Stevens's health, working their way in decent, wholesome poverty, stopping longest at the places where Sherman had the best schooling, and making few friends except those his father picked up by the freemasonry of old veterans.

It was plain to see through it all how this soldiering episode of his father's—all this veteran's talk and the hearing of war tales—had laid hold of the boy's imagination, until it had become as intimate a part of his life as of his father's, who, in his common workingman's experience, had known little else that was stirring and dramatic, or of high emprise. They had been two years at Pasadena, and Sherman was one year older than Philip by birthdays, and at least three older in judgment and experience.

"Last winter," said Sher, "father's health was so bad his friends got him into the Home; and I got this place here because somebody told father this was the healthiest place in

the world. Father hasn't anybody left but me," he concluded simply.

So they talked and rowed by turns, and Philip began to get the swing and the trick of the oars and was exceedingly proud. Over the stern they saw all Avalon in the golden light that poured through the rifts of the hills, with the people from the hotels beginning to come out on to the verandas, and a white, woolly fog nosing up the south end of the island. The molten water filled and filled the little bay until it brimmed over the pebbly edge, but no sound reached them louder than the clack of the squabbling gulls, or the long cry of the seals that made free of every part of the island.

Philip had been questioning and Sherman answering with what he knew of sea mysteries,—how the bottom of the bay was such another surface as the island there, hills and valleys and shelving ledges, where certain plants grew in their appointed places, and fish each according to his kind, not roving more than land creatures do,—and Sher was beginning to show Philip how to get his bearings for sand-dabbing.

"Pull straight out from the wharf the way we are now until you clear Banning's and Lover's Cove and—"

Z-z-z sang the line across the stern.

"Strike!" yelled Sher, and then to Philip, fairly getting himself tied into a knot in his efforts to do something or other, "Here you, let that line alone!"

The line ripped off the reel until it was fully paid out and held taut.

"Is it a tuna?" asked Phil breathlessly.

"Can't tell yet; maybe only a yellowtail."

But they knew in a moment. No yellowtail in channel waters could have whirled the boat about so and raced with it out to sea.

The Theresa cut the water in a little flying ripple for half a mile or more, and then the tuna stood still to think. The end of that matter was that he went round and about the boat at the top of his speed, all but capsizing it and working the boys into a ferment to keep the line clear. Then he went under the boat to sulk, and Sher pushed off cautiously with the oars; but at the least hint of reeling in the tuna was away up channel with the Theresa trailing in his wake.

So he played and flouted them until the boys' faces went red and white, and the sweat stood upon them. The sun was wholly gone out of the sky, and the fog crept up and hid the harbor mouth. But neither of the boys thought of anything but the fish and how they should land him without a boat hook.

"We'll have to tire him out and tow him home," said Phil.



No sound reached them louder than the clack of the squabbling gulls

His hands were blistered; he was trembling from excitement and fatigue, but he would not have given over that triumph for all Catalina. It was two hours, and that was quick work, before they could begin to take in line, and then cautiously. But finally they had the fish thrashing the top of the water, crossing under the boat, and making no end of trouble to the last.

Indeed the tuna was the chief cause and the beginning of all the trouble that fell to them afterward, and the most serious of all was like to have happened before they got him fairly into the boat. For when they had shortened the line as much as seemed prudent the big fish came suddenly alongside and rested there, so that Phil could not resist the temptation to lean over and lift him bodily into the boat.

At that the tuna gave a great flap of his tail that brought the Theresa over to her side, and drew Phil half into the water. But luckily enough by his own awkwardness he had caught his feet under the seat and hung there at peril, but holding on to the fish for dear life.

Sherman, who never lacked presence of mind, jerked him back by the waistband and righted the boat, with Phil lying in the bottom of it holding on to his tuna until Sher dispatched it with the oar. It was not of great size,—seventy-five or eighty pounds weight perhaps,—but it was the first of the season, and by all odds the largest either of them had had a hand in catching.

Philip was not done admiring and handling it when a smothered sound from his companion startled him. Sherman, low down, was staring across the water, and with great concern. It was late, much later than either of them thought, and yet not dark, for there was a deceptive whiteness in the air from the thick fog, which cleared above but

shut them in the more completely on all sides. There was no lifting of it anywhere nor any shadow through it that might be land; only the curling whiteness like smoke, drawn across a gray, woolly sea.

"Which way do you think the island is?" said Sher quietly, for with the instant's alarm the thought had come to him that whatever happened now they must keep heart and wit. Philip considered a moment quite untroubled, just as the other had intended he should be, thinking the question put to test his seacraft.

"The wind blew from the south as we came out of the bay, and now it's on our right; straight ahead, I should think."

"That's what I thought," said Sher, "but I wanted to be sure."

Philip could not get his mind away from the fish but continued to lift and handle it, speculating all the while on what his people would have to say. Sher pulled at the oars until they creaked in the rowlocks.

"What's that for?" asked Philip presently, seeing that at regular intervals he left off with the right oar and stroked only with the left.

"So's to keep her head about; everybody pulls harder on the right oar, and with nothing to steer by we would go in a circle."

"I see; now you let me pull." Philip rowed until his back ached, still tingling with excitement and a vague sense of adventure. "We don't seem to get anywhere," he said at last.

All this time Sher sat in the stern watching the turn of the wind and trailing his hand overside to feel the pull of the water.

"You needn't row any more," he said.

"Why not?" asked Phil, stoutly. "I'm not tired."

"Well, we don't know which way we are going. Besides we are in a current that is

carrying us faster than we can row." "We're not lost, are we?" asked Phil incredulously.

Sher nodded, putting up the oars. It was not cold, but the light failed very fast; the water was quiet and the fog moved with the wind.

"What'll we do?" asked Philip after a scared interval.

"Oh, drift along until we hear or see something to steer by. We can hardly get out of the channel, and there's always plenty of fishing boats, or steamers, to pick us up. And there'll be search parties out as soon as they find out we are gone."

Sher talked on bravely, explaining the channel currents and the boats that plied in them, and set Phil to harking for the beat of the surf, the roar of the seals, or any sound offshore.

"There's often a current that pulls in toward White's Landing in the north part of the island. If that's the case, we'll come to land in a few hours," he said. But all this time he knew by the lift of the water that they must be nearer mid-channel. They grew miserably cold, though they rowed a little by turns for warmth, and the fog clung and dripped from their clothing. Philip was wet before from his plunge after the tuna, and now he was seasick.

He crawled, whimpering, to the bottom of the boat, but with not half so heavy a heart as Sher had. Look at it anyway he might, Sherman could not make the matter seem anything but his fault. If the night's exposure made Philip ill, it was his fault; if they were both drowned, and Sher admitted to himself it was quite possible they might be, that would be his fault also. And if no harm came to Philip, here was his summer's work gone, and his plans come to nothing, for who would trust a boatman who had suffered such a misadventure!

It was a long night, but quiet; all around them the fog and the lip-lip-lapping of the water; and above them at long intervals a little sickly moon glimmered briefly through the mist.

Philip moaned feverishly in sleep, and Sher took off his coat to cover him. He meant to keep the watch the night through, but cold and sleep overcame him. When he had come near to falling overboard, he got upon his knees in the bottom of the boat, leaning across the seat, staring and listening along the sea.

After an interminable time spent in a sort of bitter dream, he roused at a sharp, sudden noise that might have been the flap of a sail and, following that, the sound of a man's voice in an oath as the Theresa bumped softly against a bulk in the dark.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

The Kick

By GROVER KIDWELL

A LARGE hound dog lay in front of John Teague's store and gnawed thoughtfully on a big bone to which was stuck at least half an ounce of dried meat. He had kind-looking brown eyes, ears that were long and thin, and a long and rather heavy nose. His finely shaped head had a reddish tint, but his coat and his tail were black. On his breast there was a white blotch, which his master called his necktie, and all four of his big feet were yellow, like the spots over his eyes.

This was King Mut. His master, Deputy Sheriff Hugh Guy, knew that King Mut was a mixture of two or three different breeds of hound, but the fact did not diminish the dog's value in his eyes. Silas Perkins could not guess that the sober animal would resent an insult as quickly—and as savagely—as any man or beast anywhere in the mountains of east Tennessee. Therefore, as he left John Teague's store that day, thinking bitterly of Deputy Sheriff Hugh Guy's constant efforts to ruin his liquor trade, he did not hesitate to kick Hugh Guy's dog. King Mut leaped, and the next instant man and dog were at each other while the blood flowed from a long cut under Silas Perkins's knee.

Silas Perkins put his hand under his coat as if to draw the weapon which always reposed in a holster beneath his left armpit, then glanced at the store and withdrew his hand. He stepped forward and aimed another kick at King Mut's side. The kick

landed, and once more King Mut struck. His teeth found leather and sank through into flesh and bone.

This time Silas let out a yell that was followed by a string of oaths. He was backing away when Hugh Guy and John Teague came running from the store. In one hand Hugh held some things for his wife, and in the other a toy engine for his little boy. King Mut trotted up to him, still bristling.

"What's goin' on out here?" he asked mildly.

"There's a whole lot goin' on out here," Silas answered. "I guess you better kill that dog. You've got no right to own a animal that goes about bitin' folks."

The deputy sheriff studied Perkins gravely. Then he put the toy engine into his coat pocket and snapped his fingers at King Mut. The dog wagged his tail as he looked up at his master's face.

"You must have crossed him some way," said Hugh Guy, looking at Silas again.

"This dog ain't bad, not a bit. If you had patted his head, he would ha' been plumb glad to smile at you. I know this dog. You sure did cross him some way, Silas."

"I jist started to walk by him, and that's all," Perkins declared. "He's dangerous, that dog is, and he needs killin'. And when a man owns a dog roun' here that bites somebody

for nothin', that dog's owner always kills him—if the man that gets bit don't. It's been that way since I can remember. So it's your place to kill that dog."

"I won't kill this dog," said the deputy in a smooth, unexcited voice. "I know exactly what kind of a dog this hound is, and I know you must ha' crossed him some way. You must ha' kicked him or somethin'. He wouldn't ha' bit you for nothin'; I'm plumb sure he wouldn't."

"All right, feller!" Silas Perkins turned abruptly and strode to his horse. Snatching the bridle from a hitching-rack, he mounted hurriedly. Then his gleaming little eyes glared at Hugh Guy. "All right, feller!" he said again. "All right, feller!"

The deputy sheriff knew it was a threat; Silas might just as well have said: "Wait, feller, till I git a chance at you!" But Hugh Guy smiled and snapped his fingers at King Mut.

"All right' yourself, Silas," Hugh returned. "I know you don't like me, but don't take your spite out on my dog again."

It was not so very long afterward that Silas did actually get his chance at Deputy Sheriff Hugh Guy. A week after he had kicked King Mut, he shot and dangerously wounded an old man living at Habersham, a village several miles south of Morley. It was

not thought the old man would die, but public feeling was strong against Silas for more than one reason. He had been breaking the law for a long time, for one thing, and the old man let it be known that he had been shot as the result of a quarrel over a debt of five dollars. Silas had claimed—justly or unjustly—that the old man owed him that amount for moonshine whiskey.

Silas had lost not a moment getting out of Habersham. He was followed by two deputy sheriffs and in the woods west of the village exchanged several wild shots with the officers. The deputies then pursued him across Pine Mountain; in Elk Valley, where the fugitive was supposed to have friends, he managed to elude them. They searched for him for two days, then gave it up and went home. The law could wait awhile. Finally it would get Silas Perkins.

Nothing was heard of Silas for two weeks; then word came to Deputy Sheriff Hugh Guy that the fugitive had been seen near his brother's house. Jake Perkins, the brother, lived halfway between Morley and Habersham. Silas was unmarried; before the shooting at Habersham he had made his home with Jake and his wife.

Hugh Guy had received orders to capture Perkins on sight; now, feeling that his information as to Perkins's whereabouts was trustworthy, he prepared to go into the woods after his man.

Jake Perkins's log house was in the center of Campbark, a wild section made up by

several bluffs jutting off from Pine Mountain. Here the many cliffs were high and gray, and each of the numerous deep hollows was thickly grown with laurel and ivy bushes. It was a silent and lonesome place, and Hugh Guy felt that the fugitive, since he must know every inch of it, might be able to hide a long while, picking his times to go to his brother's house for food.

But Hugh did not intend to search very hard for Silas; instead he meant to watch for him. He knew that men in hiding grow restless and are powerless to resist the temptation to tramp around when there is anywhere to go.

It so happened, though, that the deputy did not have to watch for Silas at any particular point. Silas, turning things over in his mind, thinking of the times when Hugh had tried to catch him and Jake moonshining, and how Hugh's dog had bitten him, was doing a bit of watching on his own account; Silas was even more anxious to see him, under favorable circumstances, than he was to see Silas.

The sun was rising over White Oak Mountain when the deputy sheriff kissed his wife and boy good-by, patted King Mut's head, and started off for Campbark. The big hound followed him to the gate, but there the man turned and told him to stay at home.

A mile south of Morley the deputy entered a rocky trail which led along the foot of White Oak Mountain. As he continued south the little valley, in the widest part of which lay Morley, gradually narrowed until it became a gorge through which swept Hickory Creek. Here the forest was deep and gloomy. There were no noises except those coming from the rapids of the swift stream.

Five miles from Morley the officer halted and stood motionless on the bank of the creek. Before him the clear water tumbled and rushed over and round the big rocks. The creek was swollen somewhat, and the exposed rocks were not many; but Hugh Guy believed that by leaping from rock to rock he could cross without getting a ducking. Below him there was a pothole, and in the middle of it, a black rock protruded two feet above the surface.

At this point in the gorge only Hickory Creek separated White Oak Mountain from the wilderness of bluffs and hollows and cliffs of Campbark, somewhere in the gloomy silence of which Hugh Guy believed his man was hiding.

For a few moments the officer remained on the bank, picking out exposed rocks in the rapids and calculating the various distances between them. Then, when he had chosen the way that seemed best, he leaped and landed safely on a flat rock six feet from the shore. From that rock he leaped to another, then to another. From the third it seemed a long and dangerous leap to the fourth, and there he hesitated.

And as he stood summoning all his strength, making ready to leap, looking hard at the rock he wished to reach, he heard a voice:

"Hugh Guy, I thought you'd come fer me, and I've been watchin' fer you! Fer two days I've been watchin'; I've watched fer you every hour of daylight since I come back from Elk Valley! And now, Hugh Guy, I'm going to kill you!"

The voice came from behind the deputy. Silas Perkins was peering at him from somewhere near the spot he had just left.

Hugh Guy was a brave man, but even before Silas had finished speaking a chill ran through his body.

He jerked his head round as he reached for his revolver, and for a fraction of a second he saw Silas Perkins standing against a tree sighting at him over the barrel of a rifle. Then there came the report of a shot, and at the same instant the officer's foot slipped and his body tumbled into the channel of water he had been on the point of leaping. He went under and down the stream, but he was not wounded. Silas had missed, perhaps because he was excited, perhaps because Hugh had turned so suddenly. But the officer's revolver had left his hand as if by magic.

When he came to the surface, still being swept down stream by the strong current, it was only to glance at the rock which he already had seen in the middle of the pothole, and then dive again. He had been under water but a few seconds, but he had thought and planned quickly. The rock in the pothole might offer a brief refuge. He might have grabbed the rock he had fallen from had the current not been so strong. But then he would have been in a worse position than that which he hoped to find behind the rock he was now making for.

Silas had not been ready to fire when Hugh came up the first time; he probably expected the officer's body, if it came up at all, to float to the surface and down the creek, and not to appear for a second and then dive again; for Silas doubtless believed he had hit his mark. But when Hugh appeared the second time, near the rock in the middle of the pothole, the man on the shore was watching for him. The rifle crashed as the officer reached for the only shelter he could hope to gain; a bullet struck the rock and went humming away through emptiness. With a plunge, Hugh swung his body behind the rock, and once more a bullet

stay there as long as his strength remained.

The current pulled and pulled. The deputy tightened his grip. He thought of his wife and his little boy. Who would provide for them? It seemed certain that he must die as soon as he lost the strength which now enabled him to cling to the rock.

Another thought entered his mind. Why hadn't Silas Perkins changed his position? Was he changing it now? Was he stealthily seeking a place from which he could accomplish his purpose without waiting longer? Why was he keeping so still? The officer felt that he must find out just what Silas was doing.

Slowly he drew his bare head forward until it was almost over the hands clinging to the rock. In that position he listened for a moment. Then he shot his head out over the edge of the rock and back again.

The rifle crashed, but quick as Silas had been he was not quick enough. Judging, though, from where the bullet plowed the water, the deputy knew it had passed exactly where the top of his head had been.

Hugh quivered—not altogether with the cold that was eating into his bones. But he had learned something. In the brief instant

quarter of a mile beyond the bend there was a sharp-backed ridge. The ridge was crossed by the trail he had followed up the gorge, and on top of the ridge, near the trail, there was a cliff.

On this cliff the deputy now saw an object—a live thing. It was black, most of it, and motionless, and in the distance it looked very slender. It stood on the edge of the cliff, in the sun, for only a brief moment, and during that time it appeared to look down at him. Then suddenly it turned and vanished.

To make King Mut sure he was needed—if he did not already know it—it was necessary that he should see Silas Perkins standing behind the big pine with his rifle, watching for a chance to shoot, and that he should hear his master's voice. So Hugh Guy shouted at Silas: "You're afraid to fight me fair, you coward!"

Then, managing to keep his hold on the rock with one hand, he lifted a corner of his coat above the rock with the other.

Instantly the rifle crashed, and a bullet glanced from the edge of the rock above the officer's face. Hugh Guy began to shout in a loud, hoarse voice, telling Silas he was a coward and calling him other harsh names.

Silas replied in snarling, savage tones. Suddenly Hugh heard a swishing sound that was followed by the noise of padded feet as something tore along the shore of the stream. King Mut had appeared indeed! With bared teeth and bristling back, King Mut was making straight for his master's enemy!

Hugh heard the man behind the tree utter a loud and bitter oath. There was fear in the man's voice. Then came a shot.

The deputy's heart stood still an instant. His head shot above the rock, and he glared with starting eyes. Then a smothered cry of gladness escaped him. Running swiftly among bushes and trees, King Mut had not been an easy target for a man taken by surprise and badly frightened. Silas Perkins had missed—and King Mut was upon him!

Hugh saw the dog leave the ground in a mighty leap. He saw the rifle drop from Silas Perkins's hands, and he saw Perkins fight to keep King Mut from his throat. Hugh did not wait to see more.

As he swam for the bank he heard savage snarls and oaths from the man and savage snarls from the dog. When he reached the scene of the battle King Mut was getting somewhat the worse of it. The dog's back was to the ground and the man's fingers were clutching his neck. King Mut was struggling desperately, powerfully. His mouth was frothing. His rage knew no limit.

Hugh Guy was within half a dozen feet of Silas before the latter knew he had left the rock out in the stream; but the instant he discovered the deputy he released the dog and sprang for the rifle he had dropped. It was too late. A step forward, the swing of a strong arm, and Hugh's hard right fist landed on Silas's jaw and sent him tumbling to the ground. And then King Mut, not knowing the fight was over, made for him again. He was stopped by a quick command from his master.

"We've got him, feller," the officer explained. "He's ours."

Panting, King Mut wagged his tail, but he did not lower the bristling hair on his back.

As Silas struggled weakly to a sitting position, Hugh leaned over him and snapped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists. And then, as his mind and vision cleared, the man who had wanted to kill began to curse profusely.

"Didn't know your dog was huntin' somewheres about," he said finally. "If it hadn't been fer him, feller, you wouldn't ha' had a chance."

"I know I wouldn't, Silas, but I didn't bring him with me," said the deputy. "Fer the first time in his life, he followed me when I told him not to. He followed me because he hates you. Since you and he had trouble I've noticed he's raised his back when your name's mentioned. I told him today I was goin' after you—and I guess he felt I might need him. You did kick him, didn't you, Silas?"



DRAWING BY PITT FITZGERALD

Hugh Guy saw Perkins fight to keep King Mut from his throat

glanced from the rock and went humming into space.

The rock was barely large enough to conceal the officer. His fingers clung to the edge of it, under the water, and it was slippery. He had difficulty keeping himself hidden from the man who wanted his life—the man who was watching like a cat, taking aim, ready to shoot again,—for even here the current in the creek was strong, and it pulled at him with a steadiness that must soon become a great strain on every muscle in his body. He knew he could not remain in this position for long. The water was chilling him frightfully even now.

He thought of his revolver; he longed for it as only a man can long who sees death looking him in the face and wants to escape. The thought of his revolver caused him to wonder just what had happened to it. He recalled that his right hand had received a shock, a shock which had caused each finger to feel as if a number of needles were passing through it. Then the truth flashed on him. The weapon had been shot from his grasp.

The current pulled at him, steadily, relentlessly, cruelly. And the water seemed to grow colder with each passing second. His body ached; his bones ached. But to leave the rock meant almost sure death. The man on the shore commanded a view of a wide space below him, on either side of him, and above him. It had been a miracle that he had reached the rock, and now he must

that his eyes had appeared around the end of the rock he had seen Perkins watching from behind a tree, most of his body concealed. Now he understood why Silas had not sought another position. Silas evidently believed he still had his revolver, and that he would shoot at the first opportunity. As Silas fired his first shot he had not seen Hugh whip the revolver from its holster, and did not know it had been shot from his hand.

The current pulled more cruelly than ever. The water grew colder. Hugh wiggled his legs to keep up the circulation. He shivered.

"Why don't you come out in the open?" he called suddenly to Silas, to make him doubly sure he himself was waiting for a chance to shoot. "If you will, I'll set on this rock and shoot it out with you!"

"I don't have to come out in the open," Silas answered. "I'm goin' to git you without that, Hugh Guy. They ain't no way fer you to keep me from gittin' you, not by divin' or any other way; and you can't hold thar all day—the water's too cold. You've got to turn loose sometime, and when you do turn loose I'm goin' to git you."

"I'll die game, Silas Perkins. You can bet your life on that!"

"You might," said Silas, "but you'll die at my hands. That's what I'm thinkin' about. I ain't mindin' how game you die."

Hugh started to say something else, but he paused with a slight gasp. Below him there was a bend in the creek, and less than a

Lost from the Fleet

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

IV. A Night of Peril

BOB, in something of a huff, turned and took his departure. "I guess I don't need your help to get back to the ship!" he said to the stowaway. And off he set, boldly enough.

He didn't get very far. Before he had gone a hundred yards he was suddenly confronted by a "lead" that had certainly not been there ten minutes before. This lead was ten feet wide, extending north and south. Its dark surface was ruffled with cat's-paws of wind. Bob took an anxious sight at the mast-heads of the distant ship and turned northward to find a crossing.

Alone now on the ice, he felt the mighty swell in it more plainly. He could see the frozen plain rolling vastly, as if moved by the breathing of some unthinkable gigantic animal. The edges of the pans ground together in an eerie and disconcerting manner, singing as frozen snow does when heavy carts pass over it.

For the first time Bob realized how very thin the ice pack really was, compared with the black ocean depths below. He perceived how unstable it was. Apparently a solid mass, as viewed from the deck, now he saw it was continually moving, opening, closing—a perilous plain on which to risk one's life.

Still Bob kept on. The lead narrowed. He leaped a three-foot gap and pushed toward the ship, only to find his way barred by a widening bay. A dash of fine, stinging sleet whipped his face. Eastward, the gunfire had ceased. The siren shrieked again. Now its summons appeared to come from a different direction. The topmasts seemed to have shifted. A sense of confusion, of loss, oppressed him. Loudly he shouted:

"Abram! Ho, A-bram! Where are you?"

No answer. Nothing but an increase of the hail-drive in the wind, now grown cutting. A vast gray blur was overspreading the sky, dimming the sun, making the ice-world ghostly pale, unreal.

"Abram! Aaaa-bram!"

"Hey, dere!" sounded a welcome hail, in an unexpected quarter.

Much farther off than Bob had thought, he saw the stowaway's beckoning figure, on a pinnacle. Gladly Bob made his way toward him, while Abram—sure-footed and alert—advanced. But already the sleet and hail were blotting out all sign of the ship. No greater peril menaces the sealing-fleet than the swift blizzards that now and then sweep over the ice, in a few minutes completely cutting off any men who happen to be far from the ships. One of these blizzards was now upon the boys. Even Abram looked anxious as they met.

"You're right, sir," he admitted. "Us oughta went back afore." He had his cap pulled down over his ears, his coat collar up, and tight-buttoned.

"You don't think it's—it's anything dangerous, do you?" asked Bob, shivering.

"We can get back all right, can't we?"

"Sarny! [Certainly.] But mebbe better wait till she blow over."

"No," objected Bob. "I hear the siren. There!"

He pointed as a long, uncanny shriek drifted out of the stinging white smother.

"All rate, sir. Kim along!"

Abram, broken gaff in hand, set out through the thickening storm. Bob, swinging his club, followed. He squinted as the sleet lashed his eyes. Then he remembered his ice-goggles and took them from the metal box that held them—a box about half as big as a small tin cup. He put the goggles on and pocketed the box.

"Dat'm fine," said the stowaway. "Wisht I had some!"

Even with protected eyes, however, Bob could not gauge distances or see so accurately as the Newfoundlander. To Bob it was all a confusion of hummocks, clumpers, pinnacles, as if some petulant giant had flung handfuls of huge ice blocks all across the frozen ocean. And always the snow-drive blurred the world to a little gray circle, ever narrowing.

The boys trudged over floes, jumped cracks and lanes, scrambled round pinnacles where now the pools were thickening with snow. Now and then they had to wait for the majestic swing of the swell to bring ice pans together. Bob found it awe-inspiring, this immense pendulum-swing of the pans, together, apart. A sense of desolating loneli-

ness overcame him. Except for Abram and the faint, tempest-tossed wail of the siren, no life seemed to exist in the whole world. A vast, numbing, terrible vacancy had all at once extinguished life.

Still they kept on, but presently a gray lead, impossible to cross, confronted them.

"Looks kind of bad, doesn't it?" ventured Bob. "Do people ever get caught out, this way, and—not get back?"

"Oh, yes," answered Abram, with unconscious cruelty. "I mind hearin' my Uncle Joe tell 'bout how nigh on fifty o' de Greenland's crew got froze to death, one time. An' dere was de Newfoundland's men, too."

"What happened to them?"

"Seventy-seven of 'em got froze—stiff. But us ain't goin' to freeze," he added with his good-natured grin. "Dis only a squall. Blow over, pretty soon. Den us all rate. Kim on, now. Us look for some way to get along."

They looked, but vainly. The lead seemed extraordinarily long. In places it was so broad that its farther side was lost to view in the sheeted snow. After a quarter-hour of walking, in which the wind seemed to shift to all quarters, Abram uttered a sudden cry. He pointed with his gaff.

"Footsteps!" exclaimed Bob. "Somebody else has been here!"

"No," answered Abram, shaking his head.

us was back to de place where dat pan o' swiles is to."

"Why?"

"Make a fire, an' keep warm. I got matches. Nothin' burn better dan swile fat."

"Couldn't we find it again?"

"Not much chanst. But us got de gaff-stick," Abram added, reassuringly. "Dat good fer a lot. Well, kim along. Us freeze, standin' still. Us got to kip walkin', now."

Again they skirted the floe, this time finding it in contact with another ice mass, to which they crossed in the direction of the now ever more distant siren. Hope revived as they trudged on, heads down against the blizzard, now howling savagely over the frozen desolation. But this hope did not last long. Still another bay of water soon blocked them. And now the siren was audible only at intervals, in temporary lulls of the storm.

"No use," said Abram at last, rubbing his red-frosted face with redder hands. "Us better bide where we'm to. Dis all blow over by marnin'. Den us get picked up."

"You mean we've got to stay out on the ice all night?"

"I 'low us has, sir."

"Don't call me sir!" exclaimed Bob, with sudden exasperation. "Call me 'Shrewb.' That's my nickname at home. This is no place for 'sir.'"

"Mebbe dat'm a good notion," Abram said. "Only us got to kip awake. An'—hello, dere! What's dat?"

"What's what?"

"I t'ought I hearn a whitey-coat bawlin'."

Dat'm wonnerful luck, if us can find un!"

And away they went again, stopping now and then to listen. But no white-coat was to be found. The siren had now stopped. Either the Invincible had steamed away from them in search of the gunners, dogs and batsmen, or else the ice on which the boys were had drifted out of sound-shot. Bob was lagging with exhaustion, half numb with cold and confusion.

"Well," said Abram at last, "mebbe us better make some kind o' tilt an' camp down."

"Tilt?" asked Bob.

"Kind of a hut, like. Dat'll kip de wind off, anyhow. I'll show ye!"

He led the way. Bob followed. Both boys were now snow-covered, almost as white as the blank whiteness surrounding them. By the fading light Abram examined a number of pinnacles and clumpers and at last found one to his liking.

"Here'm a good 'un," he approved. "Gi's a hand, Shrewb!"

With broken gaff and with club the boys attacked a high clumper that ice-pressure had reared up. Arctic ice sometimes shows the most peculiar formations. Here or there great sheets are raised almost vertically. It is not unusual to see other slabs toppled across the summits of these.

The boys pried, hammered, poked, and succeeded in breaking off a number of slabs that they stood on edge to fill in gaps between some upright cakes. The work of making a rough wind-break was heavy, but it had the advantage of warming them with exertion. An hour's labor, with darkness now settling down over the ghostly-white and snow-blurred world, gave them a passable shelter. This was open to leeward; but its windward side was pretty tight. Abram chinked it with snow, and at last declared himself satisfied.

"Now us'll get supper," he cheerfully grinned. "Us'll be all rate, if de wind don't shift or de pan wheel round."

"Supper?" asked Bob, astonished. His courage had begun to return, his blood to circulate warmly.

"Sarny! I'll show ye. But first, us got to have a fire."

Bob watched Abram with admiration as the stowaway produced a clasp knife and cut shavings from Bob's club. Abram carefully dusted the snow away from the interior of the little "tilt" of ice, laid the shavings in a pile, fished a match from his shirt pocket, and struck it on the iron gaff-point. The tiny flame waxed cheerily, protected by Abram's cupped hands. And presently ruddy fire was eating its way up through the shavings.

"Great!" exclaimed Bob. The sight of a fire, even a little one, looked wonderfully encouraging. Bob took off his snow-goggles and crawled into the tilt, whose shelter from wind and snow was very grateful. "This is all right, Abram. If we only had some wood!"

"Wood enough for one while," said Abram with unfeigned optimism. "An' dat's all I'm thinkin' of, now—one while to a time." And cheerily he fell to whittling pieces from the club, then laying the pieces deftly on the flame.

The bits of the gaff-stick, heavily soaked with fat from previous years' sealing, burned readily with thick black smoke. The heat of the fire was considerable. It warmed the boys' hands as they were extended over the blaze.

"Now when us has our mug-up, us'll be all rate," affirmed Abram. "Gi's dat tin box your snow-glasses was in."

Bob gave him the box, carefully putting the goggles away in his pocket. Abram chipped a little ice with the gaff-point, put the ice into the box, balanced the box between the "start" [point] of the gaff and its hook. Then he held the box over the fire.

"Won't be no time, now," he said, "fore us drinkin' pinnacle tea!"

It was a slow process, melting ice in the little box and drinking the hot water; but no other business was at hand. The boys had all the time there was. Bob whittled pieces from the club and kept the fire going. Abram industriously melted ice. Both of them drank and drank again, finding the hot water mighty comforting. Then after a while



DRAWINGS BY J. E. JACKSON

It was a slow process, melting ice in the little box and drinking the hot water. Both boys drank and drank again, finding the hot water mighty comforting

"Dem our tracks. Us been goin' round dis big pan."

"What?"

"De ice goin' abroad. Us got to bide here, a spell. Us out in de blue drop, now."

"The blue drop?"

"Open water. But den—de ship can git along. Her mebbe pick we up, any time now."

A comforting thought, this. But the comfort didn't last long. For the siren, sounding every half-minute, seemed fainter.

"Us driftin' away," said Abram.

"What in the world are we going to do?"

"Bide here. Nothin' else to do. But I wish

"All rate, sir—Shrewb, I mean," agreed Abram. "Now," he added, "don't you go gettin' scared. Dis ain't nothin'. I been out on de ice overnight, more dan one time. It's comin' on night, already," he added, squinting at the sky, now all a dark loom. "It'll be marnin' afore you knows it. Can you walk a little more? Us got to kip walkin'!"

Again they set out, aimlessly blundering amid the fantastic confusions of the floe. For perhaps half an hour they kept this up, now and then jumping "riffers," till at last Bob exclaimed:

"I'm all in, Abram. If we could only make a shelter—"

Abram produced from some inner pocket a cake of the hardtack such as the chief engineer had used to stop the leak aboard the steamer.

"I got two o' dese," he announced. "I been thinkin' mebbe I'd get out on de ice, an' nobody never go on de ice widout hard-bread. Here's half fer you, Shrewb."

A few blows of the gaff-point broke the cake. The boys huddled by their little fire, gnawing hardtack. Half an hour passed, and darkness had fully come, before they finished the cake. Then they made pinnacle tea again, which had the double advantage of warming them and giving them occupation. "I hope the sealers all got picked up," said Bob. "Think they have?"

"Don't worry none 'bout dem," answered the stowaway. "Dem got swiles. Wid swiles, it'm easy. Only time you get froze, out here, is when you don't find none." And he told Bob some wondrous tales of adventure, even including one in which a strayed-away sealer survived a blizzard by crawling into the warm "sculp," or pelt, of a freshly-skinned seal. With perhaps two inches of solid fat on a sculp, one makes a wonderful protection against the cold.

Tired out by emotions and by the labor of the past few hours, Bob now began to nod. His eyelids drooped the more since the greasy smoke was making his eyes smart. Sleep was laying a heavy hand on him. But Abram would have nothing of this.

"Wake up, dere!" he commanded, shaking Bob by the shoulder. "You freeze stiff, sure, if you go sleep. Here, now, wake up!"

Bob roused himself and once more began cutting splinters from the now sadly-diminished club. When this was all used, the boys began on the other and larger piece of the gaff-stick. Outside, the wind shrieked on across the frozen jumble of the floes. It gusted among the pinnacles, drove blinding

sheets of snow into black vacancy. Within the frail half-shelter, the fire gleamed and flared, reflecting redly in the little pool of water now about it.

Abram whistled to himself or sang a few snatches of "come-all-ye's" and chancies, as he spread his hands to the blaze. Bob sat nodding, blinking. He felt as if he had been in the tilt for ages. And ever or again the fatal drowsiness tried to possess him.

He grew so sleepy that Abram's shaking and exhortations could hardly stir him up.

"Just a minute!" he pleaded. "If I could sleep just a minute, that's all!"

"You'm liable to sleep longer'n a minute, longer'n a year, too, if you sleeps at all! No, sir,—Shrewby, I means,—you'm ain't goin' to sleep none! Wake up!"

He had at last to drag Bob by main force out of the shelter and walk him up and down the ice to awaken him fully. A few minutes of this ultra-strenuous treatment, out there in the gale and snow, was heroic; but it produced results. Bob was only too glad to huddle back into the tilt, with vehement promises to keep awake.

Once more at their tiny fire, Abram kept implacable guard over Bob. Every time Bob nodded, Abram jabbed him with the gaff. This was rough handling, but it availed. Bob did not sleep, for the one good and sufficient reason that the gaff was sharp and Abram's hand was strong.

The night wore on, endlessly, a torment of cold and wind and snow. Bit by bit the gaff-stem was consumed. Now little more of it



"Abram! Ho, Abram! Where are you?" No answer

remained than a foot or so, and the spun yarn that lashed it. Abram used the point

unmercifully, whenever he had to, and between times kept both Bob and himself awake by wild, uncouth tales of "birding" on Flower's Island, of caribou-hunting on the tundras of Meelpaeg and Great Burnt Lake, and of the great cod-fishery on the Labrador, to which he had gone a couple of summers.

All in all, he labored that night like a Trojan to save Bob's life. An occasional brew of pinnacle tea revived the boys when the biting cold began to nip too keenly. Toward morning, however, even Abram himself began to falter. A few times his own eyes drooped, his head nodded. But he always brought himself up again with a start, and once more fell to work on Bob.

"Look-see, dere!" he suddenly cried at last. "Ain't dat a star shinin'?"

He pointed out of the tilt. Bob's sleepy eyes blinked, but could see nothing.

"Let me alone!" he petulantly commanded. "I wish you wouldn't keep botherin' me. I wish you'd let me alone!"

"Dat is a star, hones'-up!" insisted Abram. "De snow quit. Stars comin' out. See deir little eyes peekin'? An' de wind—him quit, too, ain't him?"

"Oh, I guess so," yawned Bob. "But I wish—"

A sudden booming sound, roaring, quivering through the ice, thundered along the floe. The tilt shook. Pieces rattled down from it. Not five yards in front of the tilt a sudden blackness yawned in the gray obscurity of waning night. Water frothed. Up-gushes of slob ice splashed, ground together, fell back.

Abram started up with a cry of alarm.

"Dis pan's goin' abroad!" he shouted, crawling out of the shelter. "De wind raised de swell. Kim out o' dere, Shrewbie! Get out, quick. Get out!"

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Grown Up

By JAMES PARKER LONG

IN order that she might consider how it felt to have a seventeenth birthday and be a grown-up, Marj Williams had searched in the glen for coolness and privacy, but the hot-house humidity quickly drove her into the open. As she left the woods her eye caught a glinting streak of silver, far out on the metallic blue of the lake. From somewhere a breath of wind had come and was ruffling that part of the surface. It might be only a wandering zephyr that would be gone before she could get there, but it was worth trying for.

Fifteen minutes later she was stretched on the cedar foot-board of her canoe in what really proved to be a cooling breath. At last she was "sitting pretty,"—in two senses, the slang one and the real one,—although Marj was so recently from the gawky age and had considered herself so little that she had yet to realize that latter fact.

Marj-like, as soon as she was comfortable, her mind turned to the problem of the day. For the first time in her life that problem dealt with a man, considered as a man. His name was Tom Rowley, and she alternately longed for and dreaded action which would somehow change their present status. Early that summer he had been merely a tall, pale young fellow, noticed as he puttered idly about the house on the Toomey point, but finally one day as she rounded the point to tend her whitefish set-line he had hailed her from the shore where he lay propped against a willow in the laziest attitude imaginable.

"Why don't you try baby-crab bait and fish that kettle hole you are crossing?" he called. "You would get just as many whitefish and have a little fun into the bargain."

"I did not even know there was a kettle hole there, and besides whitefish aren't feeding on crabs, but on caddis worms."

The excitement was all on her part. He answered confidently, "The government's contour map says there is a hole, and Evermann, Blaikesley and Dunn all agree that the whitefish of the Finger Lakes are fond of small crabs."

Marj hurried home, drove the family car to Mud Creek, flopped stones till she had a supply of little crabs, and that afternoon reported at the same spot, determined to show this cocksure person. He was still in place and greeted her with a wordless wave. A six-ounce sinker convinced her in three minutes that he was right about the kettle

hole, and three hours' fishing, during which she filled her grape tray with whitefish, convinced her that he was right about their diet.

Marj's defiance was gone. She paddled to shore and asked if he would care for some of the fish.

"I imagine mother would."

She waited for him to come and get them, but instead he said, "Toss a couple out on the shale; I'll take them along when I go up to the house."

Marj tossed them out and as she was going home wondered if he were sick. He didn't look well; his complexion was pasty, although his face was round and full. Later that evening she saw him get up, take the fish and dawdle up to the house. It must be just laziness, she decided.

A week later more whitefish were needed; Marj placed herself in the same position and fished diligently without a bite.

"Bother!" she exclaimed and then turned as the deliberate tones of the stranger struck up from shore. He was leaning against a tree, watching her idly and suggesting, "I hardly think you will have any luck there today."

"That's the way it looks." Marj's voice was bitter.

"I can help you if you care to take me aboard."

Marj was somewhat taken aback at his sureness, but grounded the canoe. He stepped in and settled down.

Marj believed in a fair division of work. "There is another paddle," she suggested.

"I believe I had better leave it alone. I can't paddle."

"I'll teach you."

"Oh, no. You really do beautifully."

Marj backed off. There didn't seem to be anything else to do. In answer to his careless wave she paddled silently toward the head of the lake. He cuddled down on the bottom, gazing at her dreamily and humming under his breath. His lazy assumption that she would be glad to paddle him was maddening.

Just before Marj exploded he straightened up casually and, gazing round him, commanded, "Don't bother to anchor, but try it out down between these two bars."

"Now I have him," thought Marj. "Just

to think of fishing in such deep water as this at this time of year. Anybody knows that whitefish move into shallow water." Even when she got a bite she was not disturbed, for she knew it must be a trout. When her line was nearly in she peered down into the blue limpidity and saw the beautiful olive back and silver belly of a whitefish. As she landed it he dropped the mud hook.

The fish bit well, though not so well as the week before. Marj offered fishing tackle, but he waved her off. "No! You are doing grandly."

Since then there had been many trips. Marj took her fishing problems to him. Nor was she alone in that. Soon all the fishermen round the head had fallen into the habit of putting in to the Toomey cottage for a word with him when the fish failed to bite, and rarely did he fail to give them the lazily drawled but helpful suggestion.

Always he reclined at ease and produced from some perfectly functioning catalogue in his mind the necessary fact in the life history of the fish in question which fitted in with the weather condition or the time of day; he yawned, treated Marj and the other acquaintances as if he were older and wiser than they, and then relapsed into his customary smiling quiet. Only one thing seemed to interest him. He asked each new acquaintance, "Did you ever see a Lake Canistie lamprey?"

"No, what are they like?"

"Six inches long, the diameter of a pencil, eel-like, and living by sucking the blood of other fish."

When the exclamations of surprise and incredulity that there should be such a fish in the lake had died down, he would ask, "I wish you would watch; I'm anxious to get one. Pass the word along, won't you?"

"Here," thought Marj, "is an ideal person to play round with this summer. He knows more about fish than father, and he has all sorts of time on his hands."

Forthwith she proceeded to cultivate his acquaintance with no more thought of the fact that he was a man and she a girl than she had given to her father's friends.

That was where the problem began. That care-free attitude did not work in his case,

as it had done in the case of the elderly colonels and professors with whom she had fished before.

As soon as she realized that she was not comfortable with him she resolved not to see any more of him. After a week, during which she fished alone or walked back over the hills, it began to happen that word came to her every morning or two of something interesting in the fish world. Of course she could not miss seeing the frostfish, which had been planted in the lake, make their first run up the inlet. Of course she could not miss seeing the osprey's nest which had been brought down and its contents, in the line of fish bones and heads, classified by the scientists from the neighboring college; and since word of these things came from Tom, and since he could not paddle, it was only fair that she should take him, even though she did find that the memory of the trip was a mixed pleasure and the thing which she remembered oftenest was the way her cheeks grew hot without excuse.

So the summer had gone, but now it was over. Tomorrow or the next day he was going, with his lazy manner, his charming, tactful comradeship, his moods of shadow and his friendly understanding heart, and he had made no sign but that they would drop out of each other's lives completely.

Twice the wind shifted, and Marj had to follow it; but each time she had delightful rests in which to recover from the gasping, perspiring effort of getting placed. Once a voice started Marj out of her reverie.

She rose to her elbow and beheld old Uncle Jeb, one of the constant fishermen, jerking his little tin fishing boat along with spasmodic strokes. "I swan, Marj!" he cackled. "I'm glad I happened on to ye. I've been fishing up the creek catchin' bullheads; they're a sight of them bunched just below the forks. Lots of them had sores like that Thomas Rowley person was telling of. So I looked close and saw these lampers, letting go just before I yanked the fish out. So I got my minnow net out and got one for him. You give it to him for me, will ye, Marj?"

Marj forgot her discomfort in her interest in the fish and realization of Tom's happiness when she should deliver it, and struck out.

As she paddled in toward the Toomey point Tom was sitting in the shade on the north beach with a friend. The water there was thickly set with sharp stones, bad for

canoe bottoms. Marj rounded the point, made a landing on the smooth shale and started over, lamprey in hand. On the way she caught herself pawing at her hair and twitching at her skirt. As though the action set them in motion, a series of tiny, unreasonable angers swept through her anger with the day for being so unbearably hard on one's looks, anger with herself for thinking such a thought, anger with herself for not having thought it sooner.

All this time she was crossing the baked lawn, moving noiselessly in her canvas slippers. Now she had come to the hedge of bushes which lined the shore; she paused for the guidance of the men's voices. They came, unexpectedly, not a dozen feet away through the screening tangle of ash saplings.

"So that is the girl," The visitor was speaking. "I don't wonder you told her you couldn't paddle. I'd like to lie on my back all summer and be paddled by a flesh-and-blood Diana."

Marj's fists clenched angrily. She wanted to throw her fish at Tom and then run home and cry. Now that she knew the sort of thing Tom was her sinking heart showed how much his companionship had meant.

Tom answered, but she missed his effort to turn the subject. All the reply meant to her was that the man who said he could not paddle must be unusually adept at the art. "Remember that canoe trip we took up in the Rainy Lake country, when you got sick and made me paddle a twenty-four-hour stretch to get you to the boat?"

The other voice broke in, "I remember; but what has that got to do with the price of mutton? I took it from your letter and your mother's that this girl was a child—you know, one of the long, curly-hair, sit-on-your-knee kind."

"That seemed the safest attitude. I couldn't scheme to be with a young lady as much as I did without her wondering what I meant, but it would be all right with a little girl."

"Ah, yes, sly one; but you had the company of the young lady just the same."

Marj missed the flash of anger that came into Tom's eyes as he tried to control himself and not hurt his friend's feelings by unconsidered words. She had turned and was running across the lawn, face crimson. When she came to her canoe she was suddenly conscious that she held a crushed, dangling, lamprey in her fist. With an involuntary shudder she hurled it out into the lake, scrubbed her hand dry in the shale and pushed off. Her only thoughts were of home and her own room.

There was just one check in her rush for sanctuary. Bill met her on the porch with an armful of mail. The R. F. D. man had just stopped. "Hey! Wait a bit, Marj; this beastly big bundle is yours."

Marj took her mail and at last reached her room. After all, she could not cry; she hated Tom too much. Instead, she sat and banished the picture of one happy moment in his company after another, and a hollow ache rose as if some dear one were dead.

When she could stand it no longer she opened the package. It contained four flat folios. The title was Fresh Water Fishes of the United States, De Jonge. Marj's hands tore at the tapes which bound the folios together. It could not be! She remembered how her father had wished that sometime he could own a set of those rare, hand-colored plates. Only three hundred copies had been made, and they were all in the hands of collectors or museums, which prized them as most valued treasures.

It was!

Who could have sent it to her? Was it a birthday present or a loan? She ripped the end from the accompanying letter and shook out a note and another envelope. She saw that the envelope was in Tom's handwriting.

Dear Marj:

Despairing of ever being able to thank you for the happy summer you have given a temporary invalid, I am sending you my copy of De Jonge's plates.

I shall be leaving the thirtieth, and I hope that this will serve to keep in your memory these delightful days which have meant so much to me.

Tom

Marj was white and her hands fumbled as she picked up the note. It was in a different hand.

My dear Miss Williams:

At the request of Professor Rowley I am sending to you in today's mail his set of De Jonge's plates.

It is too bad he failed to get his lamprey, isn't it? The trustees of the University are in session now and will be for another week; if he could get that lamprey in the mail to me not later than the twenty-ninth, I could get his completed collection off in time for them to appropriate money to pay for it this year, and he would not have to wait till the next annual meeting.

He writes that he is well enough to teach again, but Doctor Whitcome says that he is a fool to do it, even though he does need the money; that in his state of health only an operation or a long lay-off will really make him a well man, and that if he keeps at work the day will

bend. A half dozen boats were already in place, tied against the banks, long bamboo poles thrusting out toward the deeper water of the channel. Marj slipped into place between two men whom she recognized as experts.

Then the race began. Would the swarm of mosquitoes, gnats and green-headed flies eat her before she got the lamprey? Would the storm surge over the hill and end it.

For a few minutes she had no luck, but her neighbors caught fish continually. Her heart pounded in her anxiety. Then she began to "chum." She tossed small handfuls of cut-up angleworms into the water round her hook to drift down stream and lead the feeding fish to her lure. She dared not look at Dave below her. She wasn't being fair. Then she began to catch fish. As each one bit and was drawn wriggling and gaping to the surface she watched, minnow

Open water came in sight. The rain had eased a little, but the wind drove all the harder. The canoe was sluggish with its freight of rain water. Marj bailed, tied the lamprey in the bag of her minnow net, and then sat back and looked ahead.

The first white caps were not more than fifty yards before her, right over the underwater weed beds which should have held them down under any ordinary blow. This was not ordinary. In spite of her eagerness for haste, Marj backed water and swung the boat's nose toward the shelter of the swamp trees. Could she land there at the head and walk round the shore in time? No chance! It would take an hour and a half from where she was; that would be too long.

But what if she did miss the mailman? No hope there, either! Of course a package could be taken to the town at the foot of the lake, but the mail carrier connected with the last train out that day. No, her only chance was to sweep down across the end of the lake with the race-horse speed that the wind made possible. It would be risky. If the boat foundered, Tom would not get his fish and she would be in for a mighty bad hour or two drifting with the wind till she hit somewhere, even if she could hang on to the canoe so long. What if she were taking chances? If she did not, she would condemn Tom to at least a year of waiting before he could begin to cure himself. A year might be too long.

All the while that her mind was trying to decide whether she should make the effort, her body was sweeping the canoe along under the lee of the shore, and her eye was judging the direction of the wind. At this moment, while something within her was squirming in terror at the thought and her better judgment was warning her not to try, she swung the nose of the canoe out to the open with a straight, down-wind shoot for the white cottage on the Toomey point. Two strokes and the canoe bucked over the first white cap. Marj edged a little farther back, so that the wind would have more grip on the upraised bow. Once out, it wasn't so bad. The craft surged over the waves, each of which seemed to lift and throw her, while the bursting bubbles came to the top about her with the sound of a million bottles of fizzing soda water. Her weight was low enough so that the canoe was seaworthy and buoyant as a duck. Her qualms passed. It was fun, nothing to be afraid of. They were halfway there and not more than a bucket of water in the boat. The road round the lake was in sight, with no postman in view.

Suddenly she knew she should miss the point. The wind must have shifted. She must work across the wind. The wind and waves resented her effort and hurled her back into line. What was worse, she shipped water. That made the canoe sluggish, and it shipped more water. She glanced ahead. Tom was on the shore. He must be worrying.

The waves grew sharper as they felt the shallower water on the bar. One more stroke and the canoe went under. Marj gripped the handle of the net and threw herself shoreward. A wave beat her down. She suddenly realized that she was tired. Her legs were cramped and bound by clinging skirts till they would hardly answer her will, but she held her breath and kicked for the surface. She should not have kicked so hard. She was on the bar and she nearly broke her foot on the rocky bottom.

She made the shore in a half-dozen plunges and slumped to the shale, holding up her net to Tom. "There's your lamprey, Tom!"

For once he was excited. Ignoring the net, he knelt beside her. "All right, Marj?"

"Yes. But you must mail it today."

Still he had no eyes for the fish, but the stranger had him by the shoulder. "She is right, Tom. Here comes the mail man. I'll hold him. You do up your fish."

It took all that Marj and the stranger could say before he would go, and then he insisted that Marj go with him to the house and his mother. There was something in the eyes of the drenched, dripping girl and the slim, pale man in the sou wester that made that maternal person kiss both of them before she could be induced to provide the necessary box, ice and string.



DRAWING BY DUDLEY G. SUMMERS

The canoe went under. Marj gripped the handle of the net and threw herself shoreward

come when neither will help. If he could complete and sell that collection he would have the money to do either. One lamprey is important to his future.

I wonder if you couldn't stir up a general drive and get that fish! He means a lot to his friends, and I am sure, from his having given you his plates, that you are one of them.

The paper slipped from Marj's fingers. He had not lied to her when he told her that he could not paddle. But it was not from lack of knowledge. She remembered then that he had tried to change the subject when his friend had talked of her.

Of course he had tried to keep her young. Of course he had been deliberately casual. It had been a defense for her as well as for himself. His part was all right. It was hers that was wrong. She was the person who had thrown away the fish which would have completed his collection and made it financially possible for him to take time and means to cure himself. A fine friend she had been!

It was too late to do anything; tomorrow was the thirtieth. But was it too late? Marj jumped to the window. There was no breath of air stirring. Thunder was growling over beyond Whaleback, and a great black cloud had reared up and hung there, lighted occasionally by broad flashes of heat lightning. Marj figured hastily. It was three miles to the big bend in the inlet where Uncle Jeb had got his bullheads and the lamprey. If she could reach the spot before the storm broke, she could catch fish as fast as she could bait her hooks; conditions were ideal. She would have to take her canoe and hurry.

The canoe leaped under her strokes. She knelt in racing position and put her heart into every surge. The sweat streamed down her face; her eyes were fixed on the big red barn which, with the notch in the hills beyond, was the bearing that showed where the sluggish, meandering inlet shouldered its way through the reeds and lily pads. Once into the stream she had to slow down, but another fifteen minutes put her at the

net in hand, for a tiny, eel-like figure. It did not come. But some of the fish had sores. Jeb had told her the truth. She had a chance.

Her grape tray was filling fast. The insects droned and bit, but she did not heed. The storm was almost come. When her eager eye discovered a fish with an appendage the wind was already roaring through the tree tops. There was no thought that she could fail. Her net slipped under both fish and parasite and lifted them in.

As if feeling that it had given her time enough, the storm ended its delay. With the dropping of the wind from the tree tops to the surface of the stream came a wall of water that in that instant drenched Marj's light middie blouse and khaki fishing skirt and showed in puddles between the canoe ribs. Marj let her canoe drift to her neighbor's, where she made her peace for stealing his fish by dumping her trayful into his boat. Then, with the water slopping about her knees and the tiny dark creature squirming in it, she thrust out into the current and, with the wind at her back, struck out down the stream.

Even in the creek the wind was beating up respectable waves, over which the canoe leaped under the double impetus of the wind and Marj's strokes. She had to do some more figuring. It was the twenty-ninth of the month. The fish had to be mailed that day if Tom was to get the money and she to be permitted to make up for her spiteful destructiveness. The mail carrier's round trip would bring him back in about three hours. The storm might delay him, but she could not count on that. Paddling time to the big bend was an hour and a half. She had wasted half an hour at home before her start and had fished for half an hour. Two and a half hours right there! At best she had three quarters of an hour to cover an hour and a half's paddling. The wind was driving her till the tiny craft threw a bow wave like a launch and the trees raced back with a speed which answered her question.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

Subscription Price: \$2.00 a Year in advance for the United States and Canada; \$2.50 for foreign countries. When asking for a change of address, please give the old as well as the new address.

Remittances: Bank Check or Draft, Post Office Money Order, Express Money Order or Registered Letter; no other way by mail is safe. Send all mail to the General Offices, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

Manuscripts: Send to The Editors, including stamped, self-addressed envelope. MSS. will be given ordinary care, but return is not guaranteed. Keep a carbon copy of all MSS. you send to publishers.

Published Weekly by
PERRY MASON COMPANY

Editorial and General Offices, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.
Publication Office, Rumford Building, Concord, N. H.

Things We Talk About

PRIZE CONTESTS ARE A GREAT FEATURE of The Youth's Companion. There is always a chance for every reader to win something—sometimes it is cash, sometimes one of the premiums which you find on pages 180 to 185 of this issue. It is an unambitious boy or girl who does not win every year money or merchandise in excess of The Companion's subscription price. And that is as it should be. Far more than most other magazines, The Youth's Companion is written and edited and even directed by its readers among the young people of America.

Surely this is the principal reason why The Youth's Companion keeps its youth. There can hardly be any other magazine in the world which has rounded out a hundred years of life, with no essential change in purpose or in popularity. The Vice-President of the United States paused from his duties the other day to remember the tremendous thrill with which he lighted the alcohol lamp under the "Big Giant" steam engine he won from The Youth's Companion when he was a small boy. He even sent us word that he is much interested in tests being made, by Y. C. Lab Councilors in the laboratories of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to determine whether this little engine can be made to whistle while it runs. That is rather a difficult feat, by the way. Try it yourself.

We wonder what future Vice-President of the United States, among our boy readers, is winning a "Big Giant" steam engine this week.

BUT ALL PRIZE CONTESTS are sometimes criticized by old fogies on the ground that some competitors are disappointed while others win. Dorothy Chambers knows better. "I am sorry I did not win first prize in your recent contest," she says, "but it does not hurt so badly when you write me in such nice words. I will very gladly accept your consolation prize, and I am not going to be discouraged. To prove it, I am working with all my might on another contest."

We wrote to Dorothy, reminding her that the only people who really fail in any contest are those who don't enter it. All competitors gain something, if it is only the extra experience and skill which will enable them to win another time.

Jonathan Brooks, who has written so many fine stories of sport for The Youth's Companion in recent months, reports from his home in Indianapolis that he is completing his judgment of the hundreds of really wonderful letters sent in by boys who are competing for our \$50 prize for the best example of true sportsmanship. This award will be announced soon. The contest closed on February 15.

Other contests, even more interesting and valuable, will be announced from week to week. Watch for them, and give yourself the advantage of competing in them regularly.

Meanwhile, the "Aeroplane Race" is going to earn thousands of dollars in cash and in premiums for the competitors who do well in it, besides giving them practical experience in selling. Such experience is of permanent value through life.



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FACT AND COMMENT

I HAD RATHER believe all the Fables in the Legend, and the Talmud, and the Alkoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind. . . . A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.—Lord Bacon.

To gather knowledge, Roam,
But Use it Here, at Home.

FRANCE MAINTAINS a pretty large army, because it dare not do otherwise; but it does not overpay its military men! Marshals of France get only \$3000 a year, generals \$1500, lieutenants \$225, and privates almost nothing except their food, lodging and uniforms. That is why France can support an army five or six times as large as ours on less money than we spend.

WE SPOKE RECENTLY on this page about the books children ought to read. It is interesting to know what they do read—and like. Through a grant made by the Carnegie Corporation, a volunteer group of school-teachers has interviewed some thirty-seven thousand children on this subject. The most popular book among these youngsters was Mark Twain's story Tom Sawyer. Next came Heidi, and then followed in order Little Women, Black Beauty, Pinocchio, Hans Brinker, Dr. Dolittle, The Little Lame Prince, Huckleberry Finn, The Call of the Wild, and The Dutch Twins. Not a bad list, is it?

HIGH-SCHOOL PUPILS should be interested in the offer of twenty-one prizes by the National Plant, Flower and Fruit Guild for the best posters in colors illustrating the "share your flowers" idea. Reproductions of the prize-winning posters will be displayed throughout the country to encourage the distribution of flowers among hospital patients and other "shut-ins." The contest closes on March 20. Entries should be sent to the New York office of the Guild at 70 Fifth Avenue.

THE BEGINNINGS OF HOCKEY

ON a pleasant Saturday morning, when the frost had hardened the ground in the swamps and low-lying woodlands, little groups of boys, armed with stout jack-knives and hatchets, once used to set out on the important business of cutting the season's supply of "shinnies."

The inexperienced and the lazy usually chose alder, because it was most abundant and lay handiest; but the choice of the wise was always a shoot about an inch in diameter from a shrub that a beneficent Providence seemed to have created for that express purpose. Those shoots are always straight and strong and stiff, and the leaf-twigs grow in whorls that cause a slight enlargement of the joints at convenient intervals. At the surface of the ground the shaft makes a quick turn for three or four inches, and then sends down a taproot from another arthritic swelling. Cut where the taproot starts, and again just above a joint in the shaft, the shoot made a "shinny" that was a perfect implement from Nature's own workshop.

The boys who made those happy annual excursions into the woods are now fifty or sixty years old. For most of them, skating is only a memory. Nevertheless they are the real fathers of modern hockey; for, though the highly organized game of today may have a drop of Celtic blood, derived from the old Irish game of hurley, it inherits chiefly from the shinny that became hockey when it moved from bare ground to the ice.

The puck that those boys played with was no rubber disk bought at a sporting-goods shop, but in the daytime a wooden block picked up at the carriage-maker's or the furniture factory, and at night a tomato can, which could be heard when it could no longer be seen. They had no shin guards or knee protectors. The goals were not cages, but merely parallel lines drawn across the ice two or three hundred yards apart; and the players were as many as cared to take part—sometimes forty on a side.

The two leaders faced each other above the block and struck their sticks together



The architect's drawing of the proposed memorial to Theodore Roosevelt to be erected in the city of Washington

WRITING AS A BUSINESS

By Gamaliel Bradford

WHEN a young person looks about him for an occupation and thinks of authorship, the apparent inducements are certainly very great. To begin with, it seems that writing requires little or no apprenticeship. A painter or a musician or an architect has long years of tedious and laborious drudgery before he can think of making a name for himself. But anyone with a high-school education can become a great writer—if he has the gift. Then the rewards, when you get them, are enormous. More and more fabulous sums are being paid for hits in fiction, often made by young and extremely callow writers.

On the other hand, the drawbacks have to be taken into account at the start. There is the competition. The very ease of the business draws others into it as it draws you. There are literally millions today in America hoping and trying to make fortunes with the pen. There are not millions who are making them. And if mere industry and grit were all that counted, it would be a different matter. But there is the element of sheer luck. You may do excellent work, but it may not happen to hit the taste of the public or the editors, and you may not find a market. At the same time you will see others right beside you doing work that you are absolutely sure is not excellent, and

they may one day slip into popularity and wealth in a fashion that fills you with disgust.

So it is a delicate matter to advise anyone to try authorship. But those who have the passion for it will try it with very little advice. One or two bits of counsel may be offered, however. Do not make a business of writing unless you have other means of support. If you have not money of your own, seek some other form of livelihood, if you like, journalism or something more or less akin to literature; but do not embark upon the sea of literary chance without some assurance of bread and butter. Second, your interest must be in life, not in words merely. Words are your instruments, but words are vain and useless unless they have a passionate interest in humanity behind them. Third, provide yourself with an infinite stock of patience. Work ahead, regardless of failure and rejection and rebuff—and the reward may come in the end.

But to the born writer the reward is largely in the effort, and the attempt to seize and portray the elusive, mobile, fleeting, beautiful stuff of human life in the almost equally elusive and beautiful medium of words is one of the most inexhaustibly fascinating resources for bearing or forgetting the burden of the accumulating days and years.

three times, after which the quicker one drove. The game was on, and it continued until one side or the other had put the block across its opponent's line. No electric-lighted rink turned night into day, but a great bonfire of driftwood and brush from the shore cast a flickering glow over the scene—and frequently poisoned the players with smoke from burning dogwood.

Hockey is a noble and exhilarating game. It calls for head work and individual skill, for stamina and team play. But to some of those who watch their sons or grandsons at it come visions of a shadowy throng sweeping down a long stretch of lake or river, the odor of a brush fire, and the sound of

many voices yelling, "Shinny on your own side!"

Life may have been simpler in those days, but it was just as happy.

NO MEAN CITY

THE greatest city in the world—speaking in terms of population—is three hundred years old this year. That there were a few huts of trappers or traders on Manhattan Island before 1626 is certain. There was even a stockaded fort on what is now Bowling Green as early as 1614. But the place was only a trading-post of the New Netherland Company; it was a settle-

ment, but not a true community. With the coming of Peter Minuit in 1626, and his historic purchase of the island of Manhattan from the Indians for twenty-four dollars' worth of cloth and firearms, the settlement became permanent. New Amsterdam became a colony of Holland, and the future metropolis was born.

What a transformation these three centuries have brought about, the most extraordinary perhaps in the history of the world! There is hardly a square foot of Manhattan that is not worth today as much as Peter Minuit paid for the whole island. The little group of two hundred men and women who founded the city has grown to a crowded population of more than six million souls. Within twenty miles of the New York City Hall dwell more people than there are in Belgium or Holland or Chile or Sweden or Scotland—more even than in the entire continent of Australia. Where the little log huts once nestled beneath the spreading trees, mile on mile of great buildings stand, some of them the loftiest structures that man has ever built. New York, beginning humbly as a trading-post in the illimitable wilderness, has become the first of all the cities in the world in population, industry, commerce and wealth.

It is a romantic story, of which the first chapters only have been told; for there is reason to believe that the city will continue to grow greater in all these respects, and perhaps even more as a capital of beauty and culture. Venice gives evidence that a great commercial city can at the same time be the home of art and refinement. New York, though its rapid growth and the infinite diversity of its population may delay the achievement of a civic unity like that of the Italian or the French cities, has still the energy and charm of youth, the ambition to make itself artistically worthy of its wonderful position as a world metropolis, and that confidence in its future which is a strong element in the creation of a proud and beautiful city. Compared with Rome or Paris or London it has still the awkwardness of a youth who has grown faster than he can organize or coordinate his frame; but what possibilities of beauty and dignity and strength lie before it! When the years have fused its diverse peoples into an American whole, and cast about its defiant vitality the softening garment of long historic association, what a city it will be!

LYING IN BED

SOME years ago Sir James M. Barrie—though he had not then been knighted—wrote a delightful essay entitled A Holiday in Bed. In it he described the comfort and satisfaction to be derived from taking a day off, owing to some slight if not quite imaginary ailment, and spending it quietly in bed. The essay is perhaps not one that would commend itself to men of rigorous mind—believers in the virtue of unflagging industry and tireless activity; it preaches a doctrine of indolence that they might condemn as immoral.

It is not our purpose to condone the habit of indolence, yet we wish that everyone who is unable from time to time to take a holiday in bed, as Sir James Barrie recommends, might so order his life as to enjoy for a little while daily the luxury of lying in bed. Some illiberal persons regard lying in bed after one has waked up as little better than a sin—a slothful indulgence demoralizing to character. They maintain that with the first waking moment at the end of a night's rest one should be up and doing.

Unfortunately, too many people find it necessary to conform to that stern rule. Those who are able, however, to linger between the sheets, whether on a pleasant summer morning or after the dawn of a bleak winter day, enjoy something better than physical restfulness; their minds engage in serene contemplation—perhaps of no weighty matters—or in pleasant flights of fancy. "Oh, sweet fancy, let her loose," urged Keats; and he added, "Pleasure never is at home." The time when it is easiest and most natural to "let fancy loose," and when she is most likely to bring pleasure home with her, is when one is lying in bed in the morning. After sending her off on her excursions one is in a better mood for entering on one's own adventures for the day.

Miscellany

March



Sugaring Off

The trees were tapped, the sap flowed
down the wood,
The kettles boiled, we kept the fires
aglow;
And all agreed that nothing tastes so
good
As maple candy cooled on moonlit
snow.

Arthur Guiterman

A VALET TO THE NEEDY

In a cage that stands in one corner of the lobby of a Salvation Army hotel an old man sits, cross-legged, tailor-fashion, for eight hours every day in the week except Sunday. He is slight, and, although neatly and well dressed, no one would suspect from his looks or his manner that he is a prosperous retired business man, and a reputed millionaire.

The work that he does is mending and patching the old, dirty and dilapidated clothing of the "down-and-outers" who frequent the hotel; he gets nothing for it,—that is, no money,—but does it because, as he says, he "owes it to God."

Forty years ago the man began to work as a tailor's bushelman. Then he opened a shop of his own and began to manufacture ready-made clothing for the trade. He added uniforms, police and military, to his output and became one of the leading manufacturers of up-state New York and a business rival of the largest uniform houses in the country. A few years ago he retired from business and moved to New York, so that his invalid wife might have better care.

One day last winter he saw at the Salvation Army hotel the ragged, destitute and hopeless men who go there for warmth and shelter, and in them perceived the opportunity for a service that he could render. He has been hotel valet ever since.

"Come, old-timer, get a move on with those pants. This chair seat ain't upholstered," a tramp will call from behind the curtain; but the old man merely smiles and says nothing. To be patient and kind is a part of his self-appointed task.

His reason? It is a very simple one. "After forty years of service to myself," he says, "God made it clear to me a year ago that I owed Him a few years of service." And he is so modest about the matter that he dislikes to speak of it himself, or to have anyone else do it.

How easily every one of us could find some equally useful field of direct personal service if only we were honest enough to face the thought; nor is there any need of completing forty years of service to ourselves first.

METHOD IN HIS MADNESS

JUST where to draw the line between instinct and reason it is hard to determine.

Some animals have been trained to do really remarkable things; so we are bound to agree that instinct, like reason, is capable of a higher development. Other animals are naturally gifted with uncommon powers, and we do not know the extent of these powers owing to our inability to study the animal closely under ideal conditions. In this class, as is well known, the fox stands high. He is cunning, clever and quick witted though, of course, very unscrupulous as to the means he uses in gaining his ends. For this reason he is admired but not loved. If he possesses only instinct, it is of a very high order.

Of all that I have actually seen or known of the animal the following incident, which is strictly true in detail, will illustrate, perhaps better than any other, his methods of

getting by wit what his strength or agility could not obtain for him.

I was on a hunting excursion in the wilds of Ontario and had agreed that day to meet my companion at a certain point. Late in the afternoon I came to the place designated, but my friend had not arrived. So I sat down on a mossy bank to await his coming. After a time, my attention was called to the strange antics of a squirrel, which jumped and danced around a large tree, chattering vehemently. Moving a short distance to get a better view, I saw a red fox in a small open space not far from the tree, and I was greatly astonished at his queer actions. He jumped and frisked about like a young lamb. He picked up a stick in his mouth, tossed it into the air and caught it as it fell. He chased his tail till I expected him to fall with giddiness. He rolled over and over on the ground, and all the while his open mouth and lolling tongue gave him the appearance of perfect good-nature and jollity.

The squirrel was mightily amused and came lower and lower till it was only about four feet from the ground; it was plainly the game of the fox to coax him within reach, and the plan seemed to be succeeding. After a short pause the circus performance began again, but this time much nearer to the tree. Wilder and faster became the movements of the fox and always closer to his victim, to whom he did not seem to pay any attention. The squirrel was certainly applauding the show. His tail kept time with his feet as he danced and gamboled about, back and forth; up and down he went, apparently unafraid. Suddenly a lightning spring and a snap of sharp teeth, movements almost too quick for the eye to follow, and the poor squirrel was quivering in the jaws of his charming deceiver.

But in the wilderness particularly time and chance happen to all, and the sudden death dealt may come at the same moment to the dealer. A bullet from my rifle caught the fox in the neck, and he fell without a struggle, even before he had time to devour the body of his victim.

—J. Harmon Patterson

A TALL ONE FROM THE SNOW COUNTRY

I ALSO have been interested in reading some of the tall stories published occasionally in *The Companion*, writes a reader, but I have never seen any about the terrible three-day blizzards we used to have in Minnesota in the early days. So here goes one I have often heard told about them.

The blizzards—that is, the real old-fashioned ones—were very severe, and it was impossible to go outside during their continuance for fear of getting lost or frozen. The snow was like flour and drifted high and filled every opening. Jerry Hains, a pioneer, had a claim shanty about two miles out in the county, and one day in the winter he made a trip into town to replenish his stock of provisions. He had heard a great deal about how the blizzards would fill the inside of houses through very small openings, so he made up his mind he would take every precaution possible to keep the fine snow out of his shanty. He stopped up every hole he could find, including the keyhole in the door, which he stuffed with some hay.

That same afternoon one of those old-time blizzards started while he was in town, and blew for three days without any let-up. On the fourth day he returned to his shanty and found he could not open the door. He pried open a window, but found the shanty packed full of snow. One of the straws he stuffed in the keyhole had no joint in it and the snow had blown in through that one straw and filled the shanty to the roof!

PATRONIZING PROVIDENCE

THE illimitable self-confidence and spirit of patronage that were such conspicuous components of Disraeli's character come out in a little story given in Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's recent book entitled *Gordon at Khartoum*.

Disraeli, having ventured some more than usually daring lie in Parliament, was walking home with Montagu Corry, his secretary. Corry congratulated him on nobody having found him out and called it a special interposition of Providence.

"Yes," said Dizzy complacently, "great is Allah, and he seems to me to get greater and greater every day."



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The Y. C. LAB



Y. C. Lab Members at Wollaston testing this project before its publication in The Youth's Companion

A Stone Bird-Bath for 75 Cents

HERE is an attractive and indestructible bird-bath that any boy can build at a total cost of not more than seventy-five cents. The sole expense is for the cement to hold the structure together. The stones can be picked up almost anywhere.

The dimensions of the structure are: Height above ground, thirty-two inches; diameter at base (ground line), fifteen inches; top diameter, twenty inches. The actual diameter of the water surface is fourteen inches. The depth of the stone work below the ground line is about fifteen inches. Of course these dimensions can be altered to suit the builder, but this shape is very attractive—especially to the birds. In this particular bath there are frequently a dozen or more birds at the same time.

To build the bath, first mark out your location in the garden. Dig a hole about fifteen or eighteen inches deep and perhaps four feet across to allow foot room for working. Into the bottom of the hole dump some small rocks about egg size and some smaller ones to fill in the chinks. This bottom layer of rocks can be three or four inches in depth. Tamp these down until you have a firm surface to work on.

Collect the stones you wish for the finished structure; get plenty of them, in as many sizes and colors as you wish. For the cement work use a good quality of cement (seventy-five cents' worth should be enough) and some fine, sifted sand—not beach sand, but the sort masons use. The formula for mixing the cement and sand varies, but the bath shown here was made of three parts sand, one part cement, and water to make the right consistency, which should be easily workable—not too wet and certainly not approaching a paste.

On the stone foundation lay a circle of rocks, the circle slightly more than fifteen inches across. Cement this circle and fill in with rough stones of any size; the smaller the stones the less cement you'll need. Next lay another circle on top of this first one, carefully setting each rock in cement and cementing each stone to its neighbor. Fill this in as before. Now proceed right up the column, keeping it as round as possible.

Test on all sides with a plumb line as you proceed, else you may have a miniature leaning Tower of Pisa. A plumb line can be made by tying a stone on the end of

a string and attaching the other end to the tip of a pole stuck in the ground at one side; allow the line to hang down close to the column.

It is best to build but a foot or so of the column each day, thus allowing the work to set over night before starting to add to it.

As you near the top begin to "bell out" the column, in the way the photograph shows. This can be done by setting the stones of each circle a trifle farther out than those they rest on.

The top itself has to be done very carefully, and the rim is composed of flat stones, ranging from half an inch thick to an inch. This rim is built up about three inches above what will be the bottom of the basin. The birds don't like the bath any deeper than that. In fact, at one side of the bath shown, the depth of the water is but an inch to accommodate the little birds. The bottom of the basin part—that is, the part that actually holds the water—is made of flat stones with as little cement showing as possible. You can match your flat stones so as to get a very handsome effect in masonry. This work of course must hold water—and don't be disappointed because it won't do so at first. It may take several "cementings" before it is really water-tight. Let the whole thing set two or three dry days before you try to fill the bowl with water.

When you do pour it in, notice where the leaks come, if any, and when the basin is dry cement these cracks. Finally, if you have done your work carefully, it will hold water perfectly.

You need no special tools for cement work. A common garden trowel will do to mix it and an old case knife to smooth it on.

This knife will be adequate for doing all the trimming, too. The cement can be mixed in a shallow wooden box, the sides four or five inches high. Measure the cement and sand in a tin can or a cup. Stir the sand and dry cement together before you add the water. Don't mix too much cement at a time, as it dries quickly.

The planting about the base of the bath can be done whenever the season permits. Iris and sweet William surround the bath shown. Loam can be added around the structure, grass seed planted, and flowers set out. If this is done in the spring, in a few weeks the whole thing is flourishing—and the birds are happy in their new bathing place.

SECOND ELECTION

Results of the second election of Y. C. Lab Associate Members will be published on this page March 18th. If you have not written for information and an application blank, write to

THE DIRECTOR, Y. C. LAB
8 Arlington Street
Boston, Mass.

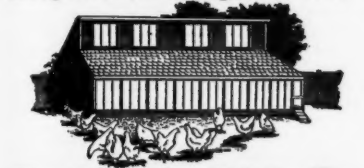


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THE Y. C. LAB

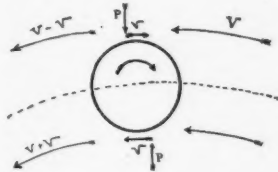
(Continued from previous page)

Questions

"Why does a baseball curve?" W. M. I.

Answer, by Mr. Young: Bernoulli's theorem offers an explanation and is an application of the law of the conservation of energy.

The ball is projected forward from left to right with a velocity V , and is rotating in the



direction shown in the diagram. The air blows by the ball with velocity V . After a short time the air adjacent to the ball gains a velocity v . The resultant velocity at the top of the diagram is $V-v$, and at the bottom is $V+v$. The pressure (P) at the top is then greater than at the bottom. The ball follows the curved path indicated by the dotted line. A baseball always curves in the direction in which its "nose" (forward part of ball) is moving.

"Can a dynamo generating about six volts be made from a small electric motor? How would it be connected? At what speed should it be driven?"—H. F. T.

Answer by Mr. Townsend: I assume that the motor which you mention is of the kind used to operate toys. The operating voltages of these machines vary from fifteen volts down to six volts and less, depending upon whether they are run from toy transformers or from batteries. If the motor is of the six-volt type, it should, when run as a dynamo, deliver current at six volts. The speed as a generator should be the same as the operating speed when run as a motor. Make all electrical connections the same as for the motor.

A general rule to follow is that a direct-current motor driven from the pulley will act as a dynamo, and vice versa. Of course there are limitations to such a broad statement.

Don't try to use the above arrangement for a current supply for your radio tubes or for charging batteries.

THE BEST TRICK OF THE WEEK—3

Take an orange, and let everyone satisfy himself that it has not been tampered with. Show your hands empty, and cut the orange in half with a knife. Before you have completely cut the fruit, let some one take it and spread it open, and in its center he will find a coin!

The coin is previously stuck to one side of the knife-blade with a small dab of soft soap. Lay the knife with the coin side down. After the orange has been inspected, take the knife and, keeping the coin side away from the audience, cut the orange, first with the tip of the knife. Then run the blade down into it, and as you press the orange the coin will be left behind when you withdraw the knife.

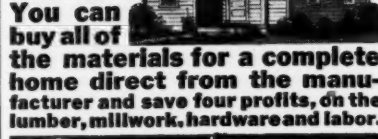
Answers to Puzzles in Last Week's Issue

- I. The five vowels: a, e, i, o, u
- II. 1. Dog. 2. Scene. 3. Nile. 4. Lies. SILENCE IS GOLDEN
- III. 1. Ruby. 2. Bay. 3. Rare. 4. Bear. 5. Fury. 6. Far. 7. Fare. 8. Fray. 9. Rue.
- IV. C ROW
HOMED
ROMPERS
COMPANION
WEENIER
DRIED
SOR N
- V. FACTOR
ARRIVE
CRIMEA
TIMERS
OVERGO
REASON
- VI. Dewdrop
- VII. B-LAND
- VIII. Beforehand, behindhand
(Before H, and; behind H, and)

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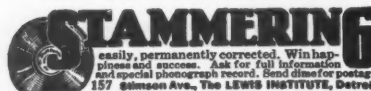
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From Girl to Girl

Erie, Pennsylvania

Dear Hazel Grey:

My hobby is music. I spend a great share of my time composing little musical thoughts and putting them down on paper.

One time I composed a song, but it sounded more like an automobile engine than what it was supposed to be, and as yet I have not composed another one.

I have had better luck in composing other music, but as yet nothing worth much has come out of my brain.

I have my hobby because I love music and want more of it. I think it is a hobby worth having, don't you?

Sincerely yours,

VIRGINIA C. TUCKER

Snohomish, Washington

Dear Hazel Grey:

My hobby is collecting jokes. Of course I hear and read enough jokes without collecting them to last me all my life, I suppose, if I wanted to tell one of them every day. The trouble with me is that I forget them. I hate to see good jokes go out of my life forever maybe; so I collect them all. When I read them in the daily paper or magazines I cut them out and put them in my joke box. If I hear an especially good one, I copy it and put it in there too.

Collecting jokes could prove useful if some one wanted to make a scrapbook and put them in it. It could be given to an invalid or sick person. Most people, young or old, like jokes. Sometimes the older ones read the funny papers first and laugh the longest over funny jokes they come across.

I have never done anything with my jokes, but probably sometime I can do something with them that will please some one else.

MARY GEMMER

Racine, Wisconsin

Dear Hazel Grey:

I make money by mowing the neighbors' lawns and hauling away their ashes in summer. Then I made toys and sold them to the boys around our neighborhood. First I took a box from the grocery store and made a few bird houses. After I sold the bird houses I bought some lumber and kept on making more bird houses. I earned about twenty dollars that way.

JOSEPH HROSCIKOSKI

Racine, Wisconsin

Dear Hazel Grey:

We raised some ducks and geese last summer. I helped take care of them. Now we have sold them, and I got some of the money. We also had a garden and sold some of the things we raised.

Another way to get money is to save. You can save a great deal, if you know how to sew, by making your own clothes. I learned how to sew in school and from my mother. I sew my sister's dresses and most of my own, also many other things. I do not get a great deal of money from this, but I could make more if I had more time.

If you want to save money, a good way is to save old money. Set a certain date, and whenever you get a piece of money of that date or older put it in a little bank. The newer the date the more money you will save. I have been saving real old money. I take coins with an older picture than is on the money now being made. I can spend it, of course, but now that I have some old money I do not like to part with it.

GLADYS FORBUSH

SYLVIA JOHNSON

Watch for our page next week! It is just filled and running over with all sorts of interesting things—and a very clever idea for making leather belts that you will all want to see. Also, a letter from a mere man.

By the way, have you sent for your set of rules for graphology? Only a stamped, addressed envelope will bring it to you.

Hazel Grey.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

8 Arlington Street, Boston

Fashions for the Young Girl



Dear Hazel Grey:

I'm glad you like this sweater, because it has been one of the most serviceable I have ever owned—and it seems to be the kind that keeps its shape. I bought thirteen balls of yarn—nine white, one pink, one orchid and two deep lavender. The yarn was thirty-five cents a ball. And I bought the pattern with it.

It is very simple to do, and you can certainly get joy out of a sweater like this.

BUT don't you like my boat? When I went on that Girl Scout cruise last summer I learned how to make it, and I've been working on it hard ever since. Of course I don't have so much time now, but as soon as school is over I shall finish it.

There is really very little more to do. I



Hoyle Studio, Boston

am taking great pains with everything. I hemmed the sails by hand and all that sort of thing, but I want it to be the very most finished job that I can do.

DID I tell you about my little club? It is made up of about ten girls who know each other real well, and who get together for good times every now and then. To tell you the truth, we really thought of it through The Youth's Companion, because it suggested so many things that we did together.

We haven't any very serious purpose, unless you call the attempt to broaden your outlook serious, but we do have awfully good times. We have had your notes about graphology now and are planning our party very soon. It certainly will be fun.

SPEAKING OF CLUBS

Isn't Betty smart to make this boat all by herself! And the sweater is a beauty. I wish you could see it instead of a picture of it. But the next best thing would be to make one like it. Why don't you do that? I'm so excited about Betty's club I don't know what to do. It seems to me that all my life I have wanted to belong to a club of

girls who had "no very serious purpose." When this letter of Betty's came I asked her to let me join, and so she and the members are thinking about it.

Why don't you write to me about your club? Or, if you haven't one, why don't you write about starting one? And don't forget the stamped, self-addressed envelope.



Hazel Grey.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

8 Arlington Street, Boston



TRADE MARK
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



Better marks in penmanship

THE right paper for your penmanship practice may make a difference in your progress.

Palmer Method No. 1 Tablets are endorsed by the Publishers of Palmer Method—the official system of handwriting in over three-quarters of the schools in the United States.

Every sheet in every Tablet is of a uniform quality that never varies. The finish is perfectly adapted for penmanship practice. Both the finish and the ruling were determined after scientific tests and experiments by skilled penmanship supervisors.

Sold by stationery and school supply stores. Look for the name on the cover and the watermark in each sheet. There is a complete line of Palmer Method accessories for penmanship practice.

One full-sized Tablet and special pamphlet, "Twelve Lessons in Better Handwriting" embodying the principles of the Palmer Method, mailed for only 15 cents. Send coupon today. Address nearest office.

The A. N. Palmer Company
55 Fifth Avenue, New York City

2128 Calumet Ave.
Chicago

Pittcock Building
Portland, Oregon

SALES REPRESENTATIVES can make good incomes selling Palmer Method Tablets and Accessories to stationery and school supply stores. Write for particulars.

The A. N. Palmer Company,

H1

(address of office nearest you)
For enclosed 15 cents send me one Palmer Method No. 1 Tablet and "Twelve Lessons in Better Handwriting."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Coughs-Colds

IT IS not what we say, but what our patrons say of Vapo-Cresolene that conveys the strongest evidence of its merits.

Vapo-Cresolene
Est. 1879

"Used while you sleep"

Our best advertising is from the unsolicited statements of those who have used Vapo-Cresolene. For coughs, colds, bronchitis, influenza, whooping cough, spasmodic croup, asthma and catarrh.

Send for our testimonial and descriptive booklet 82C.



Sold by druggists

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Bldg. Montreal, Canada

A good old Friend

Remember the old-fashioned mustard plaster Grandma pinned around your neck when you had a cold or a sore throat?

It worked, but my how it burned and blistered!

Musterole breaks up colds and does its work more gently—without the blister. Rubbed over the throat or chest, it penetrates the skin with a tingling warmth that brings relief at once.

Made from pure oil of mustard, it is a clean, white ointment good for all the little household ills.

Keep Musterole handy and use at the first sign of tonsillitis, croup, neuritis, rheumatism or a cold.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole. The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio



BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

CLASS 25¢ PINS

BUY DIRECT FROM THE MAKER
CATALOG FREE
Either pin shown made with any 3 letters and 2 figures 1 or 2 colors enamel. Silver plate 25¢ ea. \$2.50 doz. Sterling silver 40¢ ea. \$4.00 doz.
BASTIAN BROS. CO.
636 Boston Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

3490 2534

CLEAR YOUR SKIN

of disfiguring blotches and irritations. Use

Resinol

Colson Wheel Chairs
and Cripples' Tricycles
Models for All Needs
The COLSON Co.
1255 Cedar St., Elyria, O.



Catalog Free

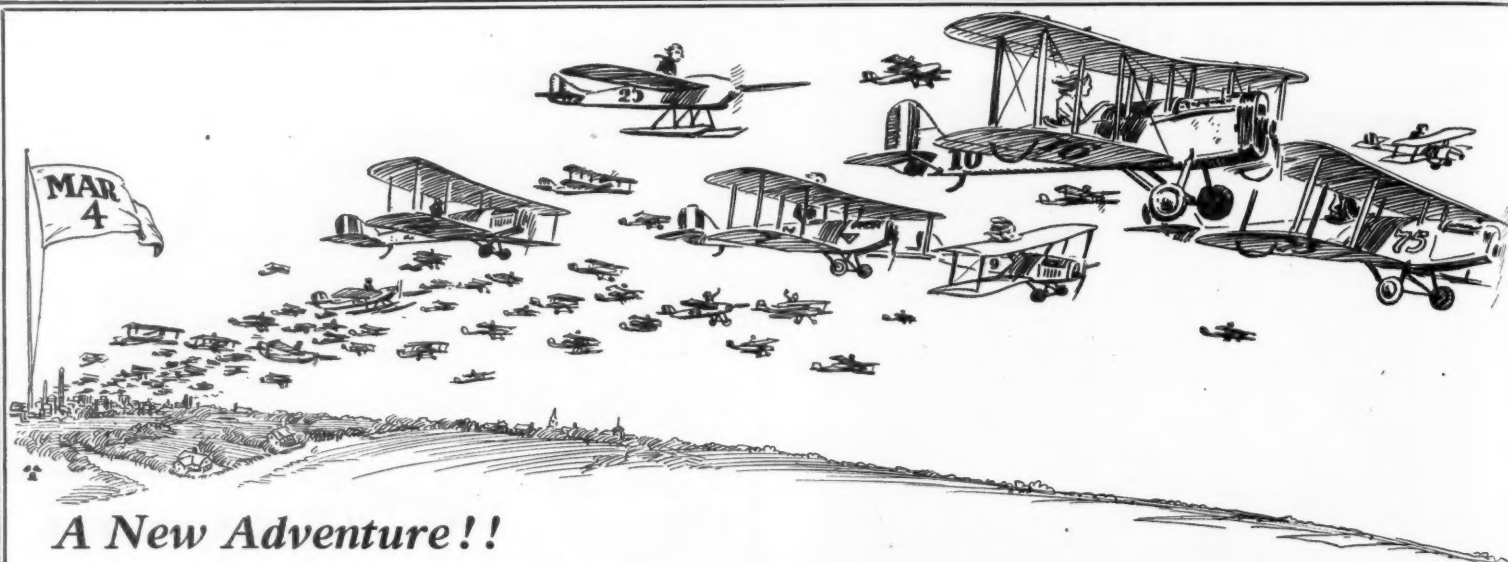
The Hayes Method for Asthma and Hay-Fever

The Recognized Standard of Successful Treatment
For particulars of the Hayes Method and reports of cured cases, young and old, address P. HAROLD HAYES, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y., asking for Bulletin Y-252.



SHOMONT WHITE COLLIES

Thoroughbred—The "Acme" of All Dog-Dom.
The most beautiful dog in the world. Intelligent, fearless, faithful. They guard your home, watch your herds, play with your kiddies. Write for special lists. Satisfaction guaranteed.
SHOMONT BROTHERS, Box 140, Monticello, Iowa



A New Adventure!!

Sign Up for The Youth's Companion's World-Girdling

AEROPLANE RACE

How Many Miles Can You Fly Between March 4 and June 1?

HERE'S your chance to experience all the thrills and excitement of a real race through the air. No matter where you live you can enter your plane and enjoy all the fun. And the Rewards to successful fliers are well worth while—Big Gold Prizes, Silver Trophy Cups and Premiums, to say nothing of the honor of becoming successively a Y. C. Pilot, Y. C. Ace and Distinguished Service Flier.

Roll Out Your Plane For The "Hop-Off"



Each Y. C. Ace receives this Bronze Emblem

Every Youth's Companion subscriber — man, woman, boy or girl — is invited to enter. No long term of training, no rigid physical test is required. In this race *perseverance* wins. The game is to seek out the homes in your towns where The Youth's Companion is not taken and secure new subscriptions. When your first new subscription arrives your plane will take off from the starting line in Boston and dash westward 1000 miles along the course. Each additional subscription sends you another 1000 miles. And so you race round and round the world circling course (see map) as many times as you can go.



Distinguished Service Medal



Silver Trophy Cup Awarded to Five Best Fliers

The one hundred Companion subscribers who fly the greatest distance, before June 1, will not only receive a Premium for each new subscription, but they will also receive the Gold Prizes listed below. The first prize and Silver Trophy Cup will be awarded to the subscriber who flies the greatest distance. The second prize and Silver Trophy Cup will go to the subscriber flying the next greatest distance, and so on down through the list.

1st Prize	Silver Trophy Cup and \$100.00 in Gold
2nd Prize	Silver Trophy Cup and 75.00 in Gold
3rd Prize	Silver Trophy Cup and 50.00 in Gold
4th Prize	Silver Trophy Cup and 40.00 in Gold
5th Prize	Silver Trophy Cup and 30.00 in Gold
Next 5 Prizes, \$20.00 each	100.00 in Gold
Next 15 Prizes, \$15.00 each	225.00 in Gold
Next 25 Prizes, \$10.00 each	250.00 in Gold
Next 50 Prizes, \$ 5.00 each	250.00 in Gold

A Crisp New Dollar Bill For All Other Y. C. Fliers

To every Y. C. Flier who sends his plane at least 3000 miles (3 new subscriptions) before the close of the Race, but does not win a place among the one hundred leaders, we will give a Special Prize of a Crisp New Dollar Bill in addition to the Premiums he receives for his three subscriptions. This generous offer makes it possible for *everyone* to win a prize in the Aeroplane Race.

Honorary Awards

Given in addition to the Premiums

Y. C. Pilot

On receipt of your first new subscription at The Youth's Companion office, you will become a full fledged Flier and will be formally enrolled in the Y. C. Air Squadron as a qualified Pilot. A Pilot's Certificate and Racing Number will also be issued to you. This number will identify you throughout the race.

Y. C. Ace

The title of Y. C. Ace is to be a much coveted honor. This decoration is awarded when you have driven your plane the first 5000 miles (5 new subscriptions). Each Ace will be presented with a beautiful bronze winged pin (see illustration) indicating his or her rank in the Y. C. Squadron.

Distinguished Service

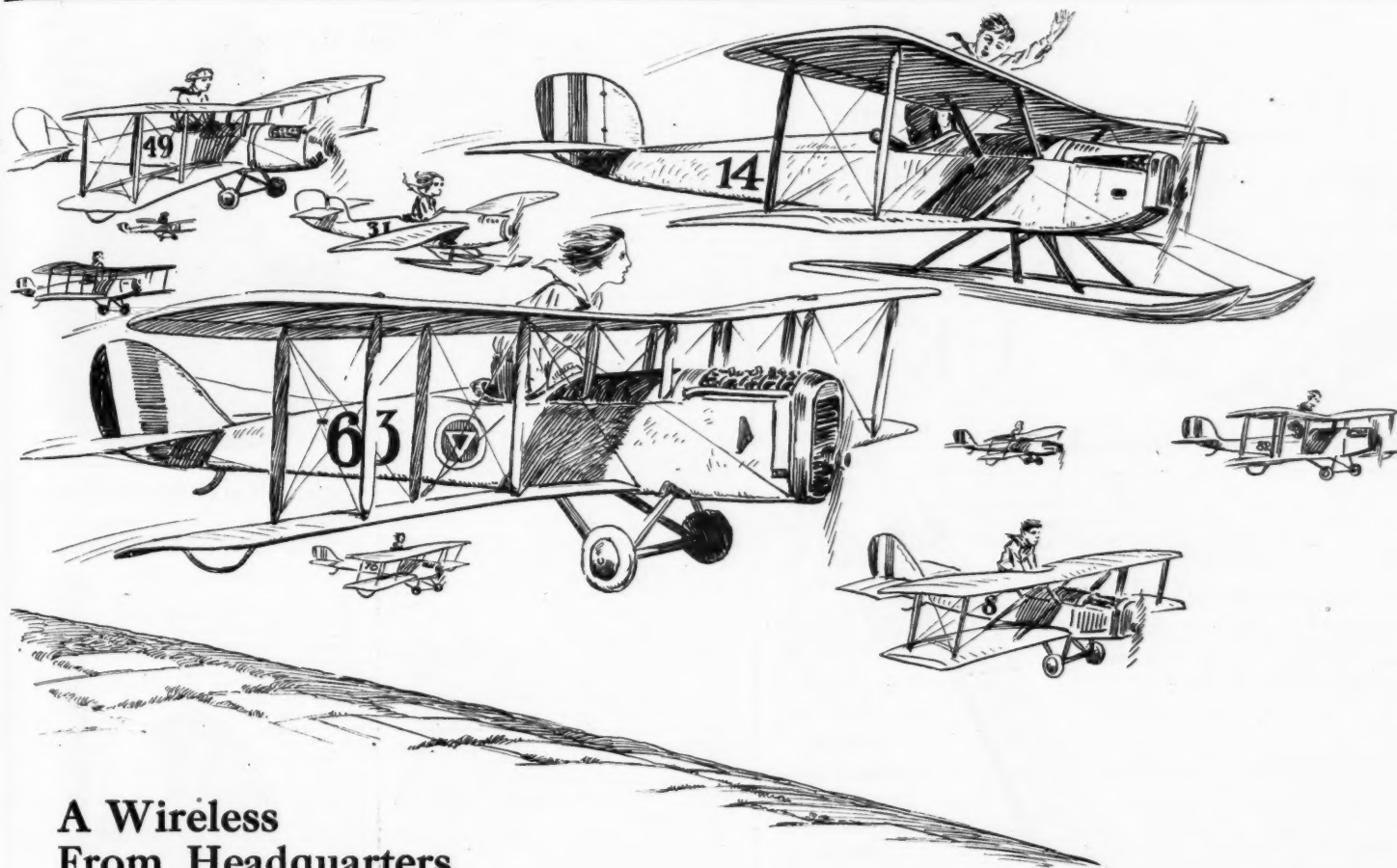
This beautiful medal of honor, pendant from a red and white grosgrain ribbon worn just below the winged Ace's Pin, will always indicate a Flier who has rendered conspicuous service. It will be awarded only to Y. C. Pilots who have sent their planes at least 10,000 miles (10 new subscriptions).

Silver Trophy Cup

This beautiful Silver Cup is a trophy that the fortunate receiver will be proud to display, for it represents an outstanding accomplishment. The cup is of chaste design, is gold lined and stands six inches high on an ebony finished base. One of these cups will be awarded to each of the first five leaders at the close of the Aeroplane Race, in addition to his Gold Prize and Premiums. Each cup will be engraved with the name of the winner.

Remember In addition to the Prizes offered on this page you also receive a Premium in Merchandise or Cash for each new subscription. See pages 182 to 185.

In this race the honors go, not necessarily to the swift, but to the persevering.



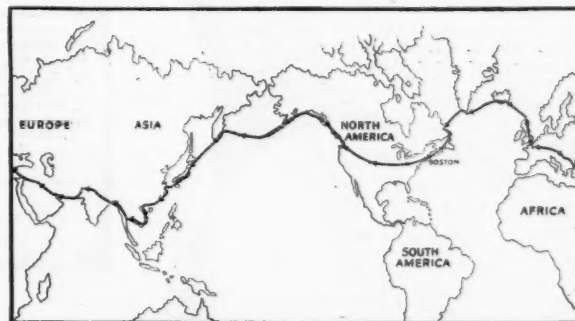
A Wireless From Headquarters

Dear Folks:

Ever since the close of the Treasure Hunt Contest, I have been deluged with requests for "another." So here it is and with it several pages of new Premiums that I have selected to pay you for helping me increase the number of The Youth's Companion readers. After you have read all about it, I know you will agree that we are going to have great fun and come out richer because of the rewards we'll win and the good friends we'll make. So tune up the motor of your machine and get an early start. I'll be watching every day for your name on my list of Y. C. Pilots.

Mason Willis

Commander Y. C. Flying Squadron



THE WORLD-CIRCLING RACE COURSE FOR Y. C. FLIERS, 25,085 MILES TO THE LAP. HOW MANY TIMES CAN YOU GO ROUND? WATCH THE COMPANION EACH WEEK FOR THE LATEST NEWS OF THE RACE

To Help You Win

During the period of the Aeroplane Race, March 4 to June 1, you may promise each new subscriber who pays you the reduced price of \$2.00 for a Youth's Companion subscription, that he will not only receive the usual 52 numbers, but in addition he will also receive the paper for two extra months — 60 weekly numbers for the price of 52.

❑ Make a list of the families who ought to take The Youth's Companion. Then call upon them and show some of the recent attractive numbers. Write us for extra sample copies (free) if you need them.

❑ Collect \$2.00 for each new subscription and send it to us with subscriber's full name and address plainly written. Tell us also what Premium you want and it will be sent at once.

❑ Show that The Companion is bigger and better than ever, with more than 1,000 pages of the finest entertainment coming in the year ahead. Tell how much the magazine is enjoyed in your home.

❑ Explain that at the new low price of \$2.00 The Companion costs less than 4c a week and brings the subscriber the equivalent of thirty-five \$2.00 books.

❑ Find out the birthdays of the young people in your town and suggest The Youth's Companion as the best birthday gift. A birthday card bearing the giver's name will be sent free with the paper if you ask for it when ordering.

❑ If a person is not interested at first, leave a sample copy and call again later. Above all, don't get discouraged. Keep right on and you will surely win in the end.

CASH PREMIUM. If money is preferred instead of a Premium we will pay you a Cash Premium of FIFTY CENTS for each new yearly subscription you send us. Collect \$2.00 from the subscriber, keep your 50c Cash Premium and send us the balance, \$1.50.

To Receive Proper Credit All Orders For New Subscriptions and Premiums Must Be Addressed To

PREMIUM DEPARTMENT, The Youth's Companion, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

Rules of the Game

- 1 The Aeroplane Race and Premium Offers are open to any Companion subscriber or to any member of a subscriber's household.
- 2 These rewards are to pay you for sending us new yearly subscriptions with the subscription money. By "new" we mean a subscription that places The Youth's Companion in a home where it has not been taken during the past year.
- 3 Please do not ask us to send a Premium for a subscription that is merely a continuation or renewal of a subscription now on our books. Since an order of this kind does not increase the number of our subscribers, no payment can be allowed.
- 4 The subscription price of The Youth's Companion is now \$2.00 a year to any point in the United States, its possessions, or to Canada. Price to foreign countries \$2.50 per year.
- 5 Premiums may be selected when sending new subscriptions. Or, if preferred, the subscriptions will be placed to the credit of the sender, awaiting selection of Premium later, provided such selection is made within six months' time.
- 6 Premiums will not be given to news dealers, publishers, agents, or libraries.
- 7 In the case of Gift Subscriptions be sure to send the name and address of the giver as well as that of the subscriber.
- 8 To count for the gold and other rewards in the Aeroplane Race, subscriptions must be mailed at your post office on or after March 4 but not later than May 31.

Do you enjoy The Youth's Companion? If your answer is "Yes," then you can easily secure new subscriptions by telling your neighbors about it.

Be The Life of The Party



Get An Hawaiian BANJO- UKE

Many Good Times Ahead

Don't envy other boys and girls who have musical instruments and can play them. Play your own Banjo-Uke, a combination of the plaintive Hawaiian Ukulele and the American Banjo, and you will be one of the chosen few who is always in demand for house parties, picnics, camps — everywhere a jolly crowd is gathered.

No Musical Ability Required

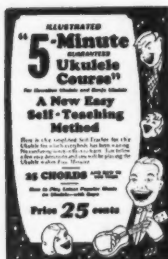
And just think! You can own a Banjo-Uke for a few minutes' work for The Youth's Companion. Not only own it but play it. It makes no difference if you have never had a music lesson in your life. Our free course of instruction will teach you to play simple accompaniments in five minutes.

Play Old and New Favorites

This wonderful instrument was popularized by the Prince of Wales, and now everybody is playing it. Its harmonious tones blend with the human voice, and you can get real melody from it as well as freakish and jazzy chords. A special feature is the waterproof head. You can play it outdoors without fear of damage from moisture. Get your Banjo-Uke today, and try all the old favorites and the new popular pieces.



*It Is Easy
To Own One
of These
Fine Ukes
Through Our
Liberal Offer
Below*

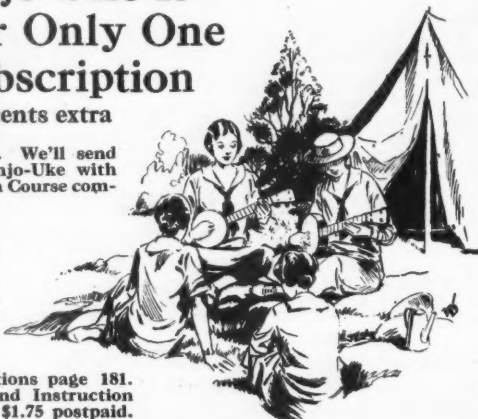


You Can Learn to Play in Five Minutes

The free instruction course which is included with the Banjo-Uke will teach you to play whether you are musical or not. It shows you first how to tune the instrument, how to place your fingers for three fundamental chords, and then how to play the chords with several of the simpler songs. After you have mastered these, it teaches other chords and other songs. Before you realize it, you will be playing any song you hear.

The Banjo-Uke Is Yours For Only One New Subscription and 50 cents extra

Yes, it's really true. We'll send you the Hawaiian Banjo-Uke with Five Minute Instruction Course complete for only one new yearly subscription to The Youth's Companion and 50 cents extra; or for two new subscriptions without extra money. Start out today, so that we may send you your Banjo-Uke before another week goes by. Read Premium Conditions page 181. Or, the Banjo-Uke and Instruction Book will be sold for \$1.75 postpaid.



The Wonder Weave Silk Stockings

A pair of Silk Stockings will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 50 cents extra. See Premium Conditions page 181. Or, Stockings will be sold for \$1.65 a pair postpaid.

A lustrous, long-wearing stocking combining pure thread silk with an added thread of imported rayon to increase the weight and resistance to wear. The Wonder Weave is the most durable silk stocking made. It is guaranteed against drop-stitches. Should these occur, stockings will be replaced free of charge.

We offer you a choice of the following new spring shades: Black, White, Gun Metal, Pearl Grey, Beige, Nude, Belgique, and Rose Grey. These stockings are full fashioned with lisle tops and feet for extra service. We can supply any size from 8½ to 10½.



Festoon Necklace



The Festoon Necklace will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and \$1.50 extra. Or, the Necklace will be sold for \$4.00 postpaid.

This dainty festoon necklace consists of a sterling silver chain with four clusters of pearls, and triple pearl pendants from the festoon of three little aquamarines and silver wings. Delicate and charming, it will make a much appreciated gift for the lucky girl who introduces The Youth's Companion to her friends.

White Stone Bracelet

The Bracelet will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and \$1.00 extra. Or, the Bracelet will be sold for \$3.00 postpaid.

This very latest and most popular type of flexible bracelet is made of sterling silver. Each link set with brilliants. An excellent copy of the very expensive platinum and diamond designs. Strong clasp prevents loss.



Indian Bracelet Sterling Silver

The Indian Bracelet will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 50 cents extra. Or, the Bracelet will be sold for \$2.00 postpaid.

The latest vogue in jewelry features this Indian bracelet of the flexible type equally suitable for a slender or a plump wrist. It is of sterling silver, oxidized finish, 1½" wide, and embellished with a graceful foliage design in relief. All Hazel Grey's friends will be wearing them, girls. Better hurry and get yours!



Makes Pictures 2¼ x 3¼

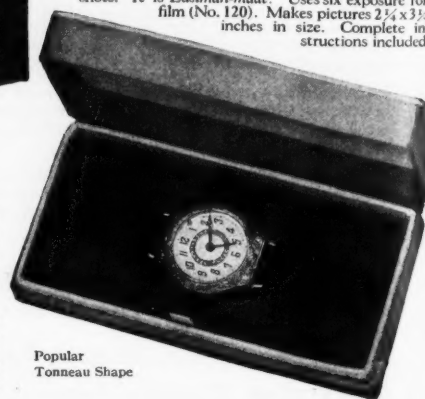
White Gold Wrist Watch

with Silk Bracelet

The Watch will be given to any Companion subscriber for 5 new yearly subscriptions and \$2.60 extra. Or, the Watch will be sold for \$8.00 postpaid.

Six-jewel, lever movement watch. Gives both the joy of a reliable time keeper and the pleasure of a beautiful piece of jewelry. Equally desirable for child, school girl, or woman at home or in business. Case is 10k white gold filled, new tonneau shape, engraved with fancy design. Stem is set with blue stone. Bracelet of black silk grosgrain ribbon with clasps to match watch. Comes in attractive blue plush-lined box.

Popular
Tonneau Shape



Ideal Gift for a Girl

The Vanity Set will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription. Or, the Set will be sold for \$1.00 postpaid.

The smartest little vanity set we have yet seen. The powder case — a single compact, gilt finish, engine turned design, has full round mirror, puff, and powder compact in the universally becoming natural shade.

The Barre perfume, a combination of floral odor effects, lastingly fragrant, is made of essential oils imported from France. It is contained in a pretty vial, decorated with bright colored stripes and has a long perfume dropper like the very expensive kind! A most popular gift.



Scout Knife for Girls

The Scout Knife will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 15 cents extra. See Premium Conditions page 181. Or, the Knife will be sold for \$1.25 postpaid.

Here is a Scout Knife made especially for the out-of-door girl. It combines in one piece a Jack-knife, Screw Driver, Leather Punch, Can Opener, Tack Lifter, Cap Lifter. Has best English crucible steel blades, patent staghorn handle, nickel-silver bolsters, name plate and shackle, and is brass lined. May be hung on belt or chain. A great convenience on a camping, hiking or picnicking expedition.



Eastman Hawkeye Camera

The Camera will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 40 cents extra. Or, the Camera will be sold for \$1.50 postpaid.

Anyone can operate this camera without previous experience. Merely point the camera, press lever and picture is taken. No focusing or estimating of distances. The Hawkeye has a carefully tested lens, and reliable shutter always ready for snapshots. It is Eastman-made. Uses six exposure roll film (No. 120). Makes pictures 2¼ x 3¼ inches in size. Complete instructions included.

Makes Pictures 2¼ x 3¼

The Iver Johnson Roadster With Truss Frame



The Roadster will be given to any Companion subscriber for 5 new yearly subscriptions and \$27.00 extra, or for 10 subscriptions and \$24.00 extra, or for 60 subscriptions. See Premium conditions page 181. Or, the Roadster will be sold for \$42.50. Shipped by freight or express at receiver's expense.

How would you like to own this good looking bicycle? It is easy riding, beautifully finished, graceful and speedy. Built for service with first class equipment. The Iver Johnson name plate is your guarantee of high quality in materials and workmanship. It's a beauty — and yours in return for a little work.

Specifications

Color: Blue with white head, nickel crown.
Height: 22 inches. Options, 20 inch or 24 inch.
Gear: 78 (28 front, 10 rear).
Tires: Fisk Cord E. H. 1 1/2 inches.
Saddle: Troxel Motorbike Two No. 31.
Handle-Bar: Forward extension stem.
Rims: Steel.
Chain: 3/4-inch roller, 1 inch pitch.
Pedals: No. 6 Torrington rubber.
Coaster Brake: Corbin, Morrow, or New Departure.
Guards: Extension front and rear.
Ruby Refractor Lens: On rear guard.
Accessories: Tool bag and tools.

The Biff-Bag



The Biff-Bag will be given to any Companion subscriber for One new yearly subscription and 30 cents extra. Or, the Biff-Bag will be sold for \$1.50 postpaid.

Learn the fascinating sport of Biffing the Biff-Bag. It keeps boys and girls of all ages strong and happy; quickens the eye, strengthens the muscles, increases the chest expansion, and develops the body gracefully. The Biff-Bag comes complete with screws and cords, and can be set up in a few seconds. Bill Hodge of Chicago ran up a record of 1000 double punches in fifteen minutes. What can you do?

Achromatic Field Glasses



The Field Glass will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and \$3.25 extra. Or, the Glass will be sold for \$6.50 postpaid.

This is an imported glass fitted with achromatic lenses affording clear definition and large, well-lighted field of view. Adapted for Boy or Girl Scouts, bird study and for general outdoor use. The body is covered with black morocco leather. Length of glass closed 3 1/2 inches and 4 1/2 inches when extended. Carrying case with shoulder straps included.



Boy Scout Knife

The Knife will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 25 cents extra. See Premium Conditions page 181. Or, the Knife will be sold for \$1.50 postpaid.

This is a combination Jackknife, Screw Driver, Leather Punch, Can Opener, Tack Lifter, Cap Lifter. Has best English crucible steel blades, patent staghorn handle, nickel-silver bolsters, name plate and shackle, and is brass lined. The uses to which this handy Knife may be put are legion. It really combines five useful tools and a jackknife all in one.

Infielder's Glove

The Glove will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 50 cents extra. See Premium Conditions page 181. Or, the Glove will be sold for \$2.00 postpaid.



This Glove is made of tan leather, welted seams and with leather palm, laced heel and padded in such a manner as to make it soft and pliable. Have your new glove ready when the season opens.

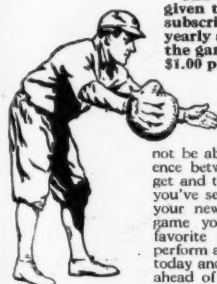
Official League Baseball

The Ball will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 50 cents extra. See Premium Conditions page 181. Or, the Ball will be sold for \$2.00 postpaid.

This Official League Ball is made of pure wool thread with the center of Para rubber. Covered with the best genuine alum-tanned horsehide. Guaranteed for eighteen full innings without losing elasticity, shape or ripping. The D & M Balls are official in any game and correct in size and weight, meeting every requirement of National and American Leagues.



Dicex Baseball Game



The Baseball Game is given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription. Or, the game will be sold for \$1.00 postpaid.

This new game is the nearest thing to real baseball we have seen. You'll not be able to tell the difference between the scores you get and the big league games you've seen or read about in your newspaper. With this game you can watch your favorite players and teams perform at pleasure. Get one today and open up the season ahead of schedule. May be played by one or more persons.

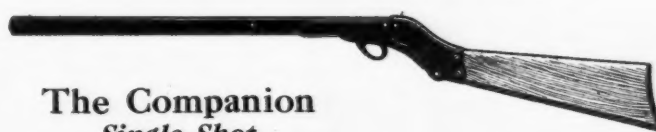
Explorer's Compass

The Compass will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription. See Premium Conditions page 181. Or, the Compass will be sold for \$1.00 postpaid.



Designed for the explorer, hunter and Boy Scout. Special features are revolving bottom and fixed indicating arrow which can be set in the direction to be traveled.

Solid brass case, polished and lacquered, heavy beveled edge glass, silvered dial with full divisions, needle with jeweled bearing and sliding needle stop. Diameter 1 1/2 inches.



The Companion Single Shot

AIR RIFLE

COME on boys, take a shot! How many times can you hit the bull's-eye? It is not so easy to do, but half an hour's practice each day with a Companion Air Rifle will bring surprising results. Before you know it you will be the crack shot of the whole gang. Get busy today and win this handsome new rifle — just one new subscription to The Youth's Companion and the prize is yours. You will certainly be proud of it. It's a sure shot.

Our offer includes
5 Targets
FREE



For Young Sharpshooters

THE Companion Air Rifle is just the thing for the young sharpshooter. Millions of men now crack shots on the target range and the hunting field first learned to shoot with an air rifle.

Not only is rifle practice the finest sort of training, but it provides an unending source of useful outdoor sport. Just think of the good times you can have and the pride you will take in your accomplishment as your target scores go higher and higher. This training will develop a steadiness and self-confidence that will be invaluable later in life.

Trains Hand and Eye

IN order to shoot straight and true you must learn to make mind, eye and muscle work together. You cannot make a good shot with your mind on anything else but the target. This year more than ever before boys are taking a greatly increased interest in target shooting. Everywhere you will see them with their Air Rifles working faithfully to perfect themselves.

The Companion is a Rifle you will be proud to own. It has a steel barrel, black finish with accurately adjusted sights. With each Rifle we include five Practice Targets free.

Start a Rifle Club

Get a number of your chums together and start a Rifle Club. First you get one boy to take The Youth's Companion and receive your Rifle as a reward. Then, just as soon as he becomes a subscriber, he can secure a rifle by getting the next boy to subscribe, and so on. In this way your entire club can earn their Rifles in a few days.



This Fine Rifle Given For A Few Minutes' Work

The Youth's Companion is so well known and such a general favorite, you will find it easy to secure a new subscription. Send the name and address of the new subscriber to us with the reduced subscription price of \$2.00 and we will present you with a Companion Air Rifle and five Practice Targets. See Premium Conditions on page 181. Or, The Companion Air Rifle will be sold for \$1.00 postpaid.

Follow Vice-President Dawes' Example

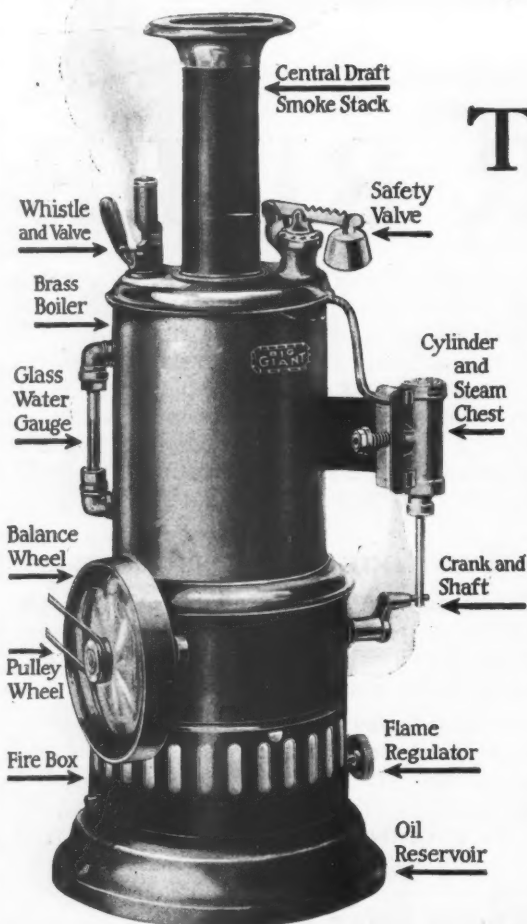
Earn One of These Fine Engines

The "BIG GIANT"

Trade Mark Registered

A Real Steam Engine Using Kerosene for Fuel

THE "BIG GIANT" STEAM ENGINE CAN BE OBTAINED ONLY FROM THE YOUTH'S COMPANION



For Young Engineers

EVERY young engineer ought to own one of these superb engines. It will not only afford hours of pleasure, but in many cases will develop a taste for mechanical work and engineering. The engine is designed for running toy machinery at a high rate of speed. These toys, such as machine shops, mills, forges, etc., can easily be made by the boys. They will thus enjoy both the making and the running of their plant. Power can be transmitted to the machine shop or mill through an attached pulley wheel, with a cord for a belt.

The Big Giant is made exclusively for Youth's Companion readers.

Runs Toy Machinery

BOYS, just think of the fun you can have running this engine and making toy machinery for it! There will be no dull times, even on stormy days, if you have a "Big Giant" in the house. When steam is up the "Big Giant" will develop horse power sufficient to run the buzz saw described on this page, as well as the toy machinery you can make. The engine will also supply steam for a shrill blast of the whistle whenever the engineer so desires. Besides the fun you can have in this way, you will learn many things about steam power and machinery that may help you later in life.



Charles Gates Dawes at the age when he earned his engine

Description: The illustration does not show the full size of the engine. It stands eleven inches high. It is an improvement over all former styles in that ordinary kerosene can be used as fuel, instead of alcohol. Can be run full speed continuously for ten hours at a cost of less than one cent. It has a safety valve, steam whistle, and a finely fitted water gauge that will always indicate the exact amount of water in the boiler. It has a large balance wheel and other necessary parts to make it the most powerful steam engine for toy machinery now on the market. In addition to the many features described, the following important improvements have been made: The boiler is now made of heavy, polished brass; solid brass connections for the water gauge; brass whistle base and cast piston connection. The engine is finely finished, free from danger of explosion, and one of the most popular articles for boys offered.

Given for One New Subscription and 35 cents additional

You will find it easy to secure one new subscription for The Youth's Companion at the reduced price of \$2.00 a year. Send the address to us with the subscription money and 35c extra and we will present you with the Big Giant Steam Engine. Read Premium Conditions on page 181. Or, the Engine will be sold for \$2.75.

IMPORTANT. When sending in your order (premium or purchase) be sure to include the postage for the engine. Ask your postmaster how much postage will be required for a 2-lb. package.

Toy Buzz Saw This toy is made of metal handsomely japanned in color and is operated by a cord from pulley wheel of engine. If ordered with Engine it will be included for 25 cents extra postpaid.

"We (the Dawes boys and girls) were not only diligent and interested readers of The Companion, but we were active canvassers for subscriptions to it as well, due to the Premiums which it offered. I shall never forget the thrill with which I lighted the alcohol lamp under the copper boiler of a steam engine awarded me for getting a certain number of new readers."

Note: The engine referred to was the "Big Giant." In recent years, however, it has been vastly improved in construction and now has many new features.

Fine Achromatic Telescope

This Telescope will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and \$2.15 extra. Or, the Telescope will be sold for \$4.50 postpaid.

Shows larger moons of Jupiter and larger mountain ranges, craters, and "seas" on our moon.



This Telescope is of an unusually high grade, and should not be confounded with instruments of inferior construction. The six lenses are achromatic, and of fine French optical glass. They give a magnifying power of 12 diameters. Length, closed, 6 inches; extended, 16 inches. The tubes are brass, polished and lacquered. The body is covered with French morocco.

Hunting Knife With Leather Sheath

The Hunting Knife and Sheath will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 75 cents extra. Or, the Knife will be sold for \$2.25 postpaid.

This high-grade Marble Hunting Knife has the shape, weight and quality of knives costing \$3.50. The blade is 4 1/2 inches long, made from the finest cutlery steel, carefully tempered and tested, of the right shape and strength for sticking, skinning and cleaning. The handle is of laminated leather, properly proportioned. We include the Sheath as shown.



French Compound Microscope

The Microscope will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and \$2.00 extra. Or, the Microscope will be sold for \$4 postpaid.



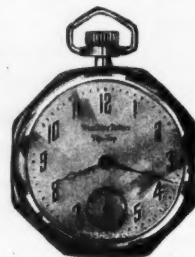
This Microscope has three objectives, and is designed for the examination of minute objects. It is made of brass, 6 inches high with eyepiece in 4 1/2-inch sliding tube, and is fitted with a condensing mirror. Outfit includes polished hardwood box, 1 prepared object, 2 glass slips, 1 pair brass forceps and instruction booklet.

"Tip-Top" Octagon Watch

This Watch will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 50 cents extra. See Premium Conditions, page 181. Or, the Watch will be sold for \$1.75 postpaid.

A new open face watch for men or boys. Splendid for general service. Boys particularly like to carry this man-sized, reliable watch. It has a thin Octagon case of beautiful streamline design, semi-octagon bow, substantial antique pendant, corrugated crown easy to wind.

A new movement with exceptionally fine adjustment; each movement timed and tested in the case before leaving factory. Fitted with handsome dial, cubist numerals and French hands, will be found to be a practical timekeeper.



Oh, Boy What Fun!



The Wolverine Scooter

The Scooter will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and \$2.50 extra, or for 6 subscriptions. Or, the Scooter will be sold for \$5.00. Shipped by express from Lansing, Michigan, charges to be paid by the receiver. Shipping weight 25 lbs.

A sporty, high class scooter, without question the strongest and most durable one made. Will give any boy or girl many happy hours out of doors. Specifications: Frame and fork made of heavy pressed steel which will not bend; 10-inch double disc wheels riveted with 3/4-inch tires and roller bearings; hardwood platform and handles; handle adjustable to different heights. Length 38 inches, height 30 inches. Color, yellow with red wheels. It's a joy to glide with a Wolverine Scooter. Win it, and you will own the speediest, prettiest, and most serviceable scooter in town.

The Wolverine Knight Coaster Wagon

The Coaster Wagon will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and \$5.00 extra, or for five subscriptions and \$2.50 extra, or for 10 subscriptions. Or, the Coaster Wagon will be sold for \$9.00. Shipped by express from Lansing, Michigan, charges to be paid by receiver. Shipping weight 50 lbs.

A strong and speedy Coaster Wagon built entirely of steel like the big automobiles. Designed by automotive engineers with 15 x 33 in. body inside measurements, 9-in. double disc riveted wheels, 1-in. extra quality rubber balloon tires, nickel plated hub caps, yellow body with red wheels.

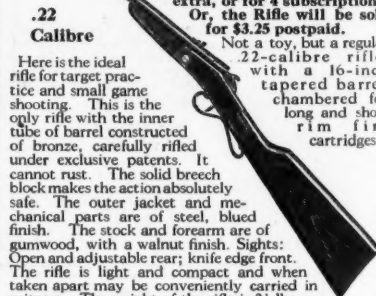
Any boy or girl who wins a Wolverine Knight will be proud of it because of its strength and service, its dashing appearance, and its unequalled speed.



Some Speed!

The Hamilton Single Shot Rifle

The Rifle will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and \$1.75 extra, or for 4 subscriptions. Or, the Rifle will be sold for \$3.25 postpaid.



Not a toy, but a regular .22-calibre rifle, with a 16-inch tapered barrel, chambered for long and short rim fire cartridges. Here is the ideal rifle for target practice and small game shooting. This is the only rifle with the inner tube of barrel constructed of bronze, carefully rifled under exclusive patents. It cannot rust. The solid breech block makes the action absolutely safe. The outer jacket and mechanical parts are of steel, blued finish. The stock and forearm are of gumwood, with a walnut finish. Sights: Open and adjustable rear; knife edge front. The rifle is light and compact and when taken apart may be conveniently carried in suitcase. The weight of the rifle is 2 1/2 lbs.

Earn this Rifle and you'll own a most serviceable and dependable firearm.



TIP-TOP Wrist Watch for Men and Boys

The Wrist Watch will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and \$1.60 extra. See Premium Conditions, page 181. Or, the watch will be sold for \$3.75 postpaid.

Tip-Top is the smartest low-priced watch on the market. The thin octagon, dust proof case, highly polished, is set at a rakish angle that lets you read time without twisting your arm.

Yet, for all his beauty and smallness, Tip-Top's built for hard knocks. The ideal watch for work or sports. He's also a True Time Teller. If he cost ten times as much he couldn't be more reliable. Silvered dial, cubist numerals, sunk second hand, German silver back, bezel and crown, pull-out set and high grade leather strap.



When Life Was Young and Molly's Baby

By C. A. Stephens

For more than fifty years C. A. Stephens has been writing stories for The Youth's Companion. He is today its best known and best loved writer, and he is held in esteem by a wide circle of unseen friends. A book from him, then, is like a visit from a guest long known and well beloved.

It is no slight service to the readers of the present generation to show them thus vividly what the conditions were in this country in the years just after the Civil War when life was simpler than it is now. The great woods come down very close to the old farm, and adventure constantly beckons. Those who follow Addison and Halstead and "Doad" will not be disappointed.

SPECIAL OFFER:

When Life Was Young and Molly's Baby both given for only one new yearly subscription and 35 cents extra. See Premium Conditions page 181. Or, the Books will be sold for \$1.75 each postpaid. This is a limited offer good only while our present supply lasts.

Omar Pearls

The Exquisite Gift

The fascination of pearls dates back to dim and forgotten history, but never has it been more truly expressed than in the creation of Omar Pearls. These pearls are not to be confused with the cheap, destructible bead pearls; they have a sheen and color, a fire and orient equalled only by the deep sea gem itself.

We are offering a very lovely quality of cream white Omar Pearls, finely graduated, washable with soap and water, guaranteed indestructible. They are mounted with a sterling silver safety clasp set with a brilliant, and are encased in a blue leatherette box lined with white satin. Each string bears the Omar seal, a sign of matchless beauty and quality, and cannot be bought in any store for less than \$4.00. Your choice of the dressy 24-inch length or the popular 15-inch choker style.



SPECIAL OFFER

The Omar Pearls will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 60 cents extra. See Premium Conditions page 181. Or, the Omar Pearls will be sold for \$4.00 postpaid.

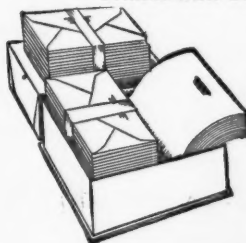
Three-Piece Scissors Set in Leatherette Case

The Scissors Set will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 25 cents extra. See Premium Conditions page 181. Or, the Scissors Set will be sold for \$1.25 postpaid.

A set of three pairs of finely nicked, highly polished scissors, each in a separate pocket of a plush-lined leatherette case. These scissors are forged from solid steel, with keen cutting edges which may be depended upon to retain their sharpness during extensive use. They are an absolute necessity in the sewing room and will adequately meet the various needs constantly arising in the house for a sharp pair of scissors. Sizes 3½, 4½, and 5 inches.

Box Personal Stationery

Printed with Your Name and Address



The box of Stationery will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 35 cents extra. See Premium Conditions page 181. Or, the Stationery will be sold for \$1.25 postpaid.

Made of fine, smooth textured Water-marked Bond in the Unifold size, so popular for personal use. Name and address is printed at top of Note Sheets and on flap of Envelopes in rich blue ink with Copperplate Gothic type. Packed in an attractive box containing 200 Single Sheets and 100 Envelopes. Write plainly the name and address desired.



Key-License Fold

The Key-License Fold will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 25c extra. See Premium Conditions page 181. Or, the Key Fold will be sold for \$1.25 postpaid.

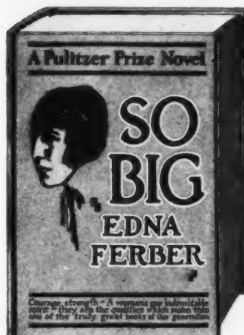
This most useful Key Fold will be greatly appreciated by the automobile owner. Since you must have your key to start your car, you will always have your license with you. Made of beautifully grained sheepskin, leather lined and fitted with gilt finished key hangers and celluloid covered license pocket. Actual size folded 2½ x 3½ inches.



The most talked-of Books
GREAT MOVIE SUCCESSES

So Big By Edna Ferber

Selma De Jong would look up from her work and say, "How big is my man?" Then little Dirk De Jong would answer "So-o-o big!" and he was so nicknamed. Though So Big gives the book its title, his mother is the outstanding figure. At nineteen, upon the death of her father, Selma secured a teacher's post in a community of hardworking farmers. Soon she married Pervus De Jong, a plodding, good-natured boy. Through all the years of drudgery and hardship she never lost her gay, indomitable spirit. Unfortunately, she was unable to transmit these qualities to her son. A Pulitzer Prize novel—the most talked-of book in years—one to read and to remember.



Ben-Hur By Gen. Lew Wallace

This famous Religious-Historical Romance with its mighty story, brilliant pageantry, thrilling action and deep religious reverence, hardly requires an outline, for every one is familiar with the "Star of Bethlehem and The Three Wise Men," the wonderful description of the "Chariot Race" and "Christ Healing the Sick." The whole world has placed "Ben-Hur" on a height of pre-eminence which no other novel of its time has reached. The clashing of rivalry and the deepest human passions, the perfect reproduction of brilliant Roman life, and the tense, fierce atmosphere of the arena have kept their deep fascination. Any one who has seen this gripping story in the movies will be delighted to read and own this book.

The Soul of Abe Lincoln By Bernie Babcock

A story of two lovers, Del Norcross and Ann Laury, who are separated by the Civil War. They both come to know and admire the great Lincoln, who is assassinated on the eve of bringing them together. Del and Ann are finally reunited, and the reconciliation between them symbolizes the reconciliation between North and South.

The Freshman By Russell Holman

The rollicking humor of Harold Lloyd's famous picture, "The Freshman," has been caught in this novel. At college Harold meets Peggy, the sweetest girl in the world. Harold is the greenest Freshman Sophomores ever hazed, but he is eager and sincere. Finally in a thrilling football game he proves his metal. The college cheers him as a hero, and Peggy—well, read the story! The novel follows the action on the screen faithfully and hilariously. You will enjoy it.

The Home-Maker By Dorothy Canfield

As a home-maker Evangeline was a misfit, while Lester, her husband, a dreamer and a poet, was equally unfitted to business life. An accident which crippled Lester led to an exchange of duties. Evangeline went to work in a department store where her genius for organization and salesmanship brought her content and rapid advancement. Lester took over the tasks of the home and by his patience and serenity made it a place of peace.

Peacock Feathers By Temple Bailey

The eternal conflict between wealth and love. Jerry, who is poor, inherits a ranch and, thinking himself wealthy, marries Mimi, a spoiled society girl. They go out to the ranch, but find it nothing like their dreams. Their struggle to gain back their dreams and save their love makes a fascinating story. The strongest story Miss Bailey has yet written.

Moby Dick By Herman Melville

Of all the heroic and thrilling tales of American seaman-ship this story of Captain Ahab, the New England whaler, is the most famous and enduring. In one encounter the gallant captain had lost a leg and then there he vowed that he would kill this white sea-beast. After a three days' battle which is unique in all the annals of sea fighting he kept his vow. "Moby Dick" will have a new appeal for the millions of moving picture viewers who have seen John Barrymore's great picture "The Sea Beast" made from this story.

YOUR CHOICE

for Only One New Subscription

A choice of any one of these most talked-of books given to any Companion subscriber for only one new yearly subscription. See Premium Conditions, page 181. Or, the books will be sold for 85c each postpaid.

The Pony Express By Henry James Forman

During those threatening days of 1860 and 1861 the daring riders of the Pony Express between Missouri and California did much to save the United States. California was about to secede and set up a separate republic. Jack Weston, the hero of this thrilling romance, took it upon himself to keep the state in the Union. His work was complicated by conspiracy and made more difficult and dangerous by his love for a pioneer girl. In spite of all the dangers of Indians and conspirators, his fearlessness and patriotism triumphed.

The same subscription that brings you a Premium, also counts toward Golden Dollars and Silver Cups. See page 180.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

WINNERS IN THE PAINTING CONTEST

HERE are the winners in our first Children's Painting Contest and some of the pictures that they drew. For a while it looked as though we could not possibly get them all into one issue, but here they are. I surely wish that instead of publishing just the winners we had room to publish the name of every one who entered, but I'm afraid that would take the whole magazine. I'm sorry everybody couldn't win, but there'll be ever so many more chances in ever so many more contests. What kind of prizes do you like best? Money? Books? A box of paints? Will you write and tell me?

EDITOR CHILDREN'S PAGE



The winner of the second prize is DONALD ALLEN, Saco, Maine, 10 years, whose picture appears on the right.



HONORABLE MENTION IS ESPECIALLY AWARDED TO



James Whitney Forsy
Moretown, Vt.
8 years



Ethel Marjorie Staples
North Brooksville,
Me.
9 years



Blair Duffy
New York City
10 years



Alberta Benham
Decatur, Ga.
9 years



Margaret Breck
Yuma, Ariz.
9 years



Paul Bowles
Gary, Ind.
9 years



Marjorie and Elaine Davis
New Salem, Mass.
9 and 10 years

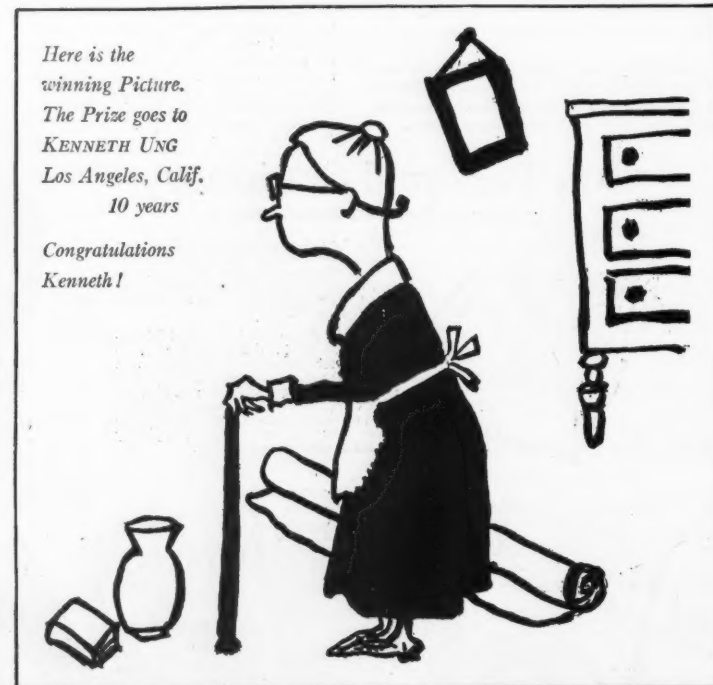


Rose Betts
Wollaston, Mass.
10 years

Ace, Mary
Adams, Clinton
Adams, Harry
Albritton, Marybland
Alexander, Robert
Alexander, James
Alexander, Lewis M.
Allen, John W.
Allen, Lydia
Allen, Max
Ambrose, Elois
Anderson, Dorothy
Anderson, Kenneth
Angell, Helen
Arquist, Dorothy
Arnsperger, Frances
Avery, Betty
Aylor, Staunton
Ayres, Robert

Bachelor, Barbara
Badger, Margaret
Barlow, Leonard
Barlow, Priscilla
Barnes, Walter
Bartlett, John
Bayless, Ethel Mae
Beckwith, Lois
Beers, Howard H.
Behr, Harold
Belley, William
Bellev, Wilma Jane
Benough, Josephine
Bergengren, Dorothy
Berling, Barbara
Berriman, Laurence
Betz, Dorothy
Biddle, Genevalin
Bielland, Florence
Black, Naomi
Blakeslee, Harriet L.
Blemaster, Evelyn
Bliss, Charlotte
Bloomster, Thelma
Blume, LeRoy
Boden, Ella
Boske, Howard
Boyd, Francis
Boyd, Sam
Bozarth, Doris
Bradshaw, Jack
Bradstreet, Charles
Bratt, Ernest
Brenize, Verna
Brewer, Mary
Brison, Roland Jr.
Bromley, Elizabeth
Bromley, Phyllis
Brooking, Emil
Broussard, Cecile
Brown, Leslie
Brownless, Helen
Bryan, Junior
Burdington, Billy
Burbank, Ione
Burian, Charlotte

Calder, Elizabeth
Calder, Margaret
Caldwell, Audrey Mae
Calkoun, Margaret
Caris, Gertrude
Cardwell, Madia Katherine
Carlson, Dorothy
Carlson, Howard
Carpenter, Harold
Case, Marjorie
Chalmers, Elizabeth
Champion, Florence
Chapin, Roberta
Clark, Rosamond
Clark, William
Clearwater, George
Clive, Campbell
Closson, Phyllis
Conklin, Jane
Conline, Merrill
Coon, Violet
Cooper, Coral
Corbett, Emily
Corkindale, Jean
Critchfield, Carol
Croll, Dengler



Here is the
winning Picture.
The Prize goes to
KENNETH UNG
Los Angeles, Calif.
10 years
Congratulations
Kenneth!



The winner of the fourth prize is JANET SPEED, Lenoxxville, Que., 6 years, whose painting appears above.

Crosen, Edith
Crumpacker, Dorothy

Daehler, Dorothy
Daum, George
Davidson, Year
Davis, Ernest
Davis, Myra
Dean, Melva
DeFor, Jean
DeLancy, Louise
Dell, Kathleen
Dickinson, Emily
Dodge, Florence
Doherty, Joe
Donnell, Lora
Dopheide, Albert
Ducharme, Howard
Duck, Margaret
Duck, Maude
Dundon, Bertha
Dunlap, Janette
Dyer, Helen
Dyke, William

Eames, Louise
Edwards, Alberta
Effinger, George
Eirhart, Elizabeth
Engelbreton, Marcella
Erickson, Bernice

Erwin, Marjorie
Etes, Charles
Evans, Janet
Evans, Malcolm
Exo, Elizabeth
Fackler, Betty
Fania, Nicholas
Fant, Harris
Farney, Robert
Farris, Mildred
Ficken, Jimmie
Fisher, Opal
Fitzsimmons, Ruth
Fodrea, Willard



Genevieve Schneider
Round Hill, Va.
8 years



The winner of the fifth prize is FLORIDA GRAVES, Mt. Airy, N. C., 9 years, whose painting appears above.

Gibbs, Ralph
Gibson, Verne
Givens, Dorothy
Gonsvooraski, Lillian
Goodell, Marie
Gordon, Ellen
Gosbert, Dorothy
Goss, Bessie
Gould, Alma
Granholm, Donald
Grasels, Emerson
Green, Edna
Green, Jeanette
Greene, Walton
Greenwood, Barbara
Gregory, Phillip
Griffith, Minnie
Griswold, Howard
Grochow, Agnes
Gurnee, Myron
Guthrie, Ruth
Gwynne, Genevieve

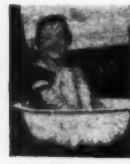
Hacker, Emanuel
Hall, Kathryn
Halverson, Amy
Hampton, Lois
Harpman, Virginia
Harris, Betty
Harris, Clifton



Grace Livermore
Aurora, Ill.
8 years



Genevieve Fodrea
Lewiston, Idaho
9 years



Olive Chism
Hazardville, Conn.
6 years



Clifford Spearman
Montreal, Que.
8 years



Dorothy Sharp
Caryville, Tenn.
9 years



Helen Jurgensen
Chicago, Ill.
8 years



The winner of the third prize is JULIA WORMLEY, Wilmington, Del., 8 years, whose picture appears above.

Harris, Lucy
Harrison, A. C. Jr.
Harvey, Joan
Hauser, Virginia
Heaps, Anna
Heim, Winifred
Heisler, Robert W.
Hepburn, Keene
Hiat, Joseph
Hickman, Robert
Hight, James
Hill, Margaret
Hobson, Jack
Hoem, Elizabeth
Hoem, Virginia
Hoffmeister, Theodore
Holbrook, Janet
Holloway, Louise J.
Homer, Adin
Homer, Frances
Homer, Roxana
Houchin, James
Houchin, Margaret
Houchin, Wayne
Hough, Priscilla
Houghton, Proctor
Howard, Mary
Howell, Francis
Hoyt, Henry
Huck, Mabel
Humphrey, Margaret
Humphrey, Ruth
Hunt, Beulah
Hunt, Norman
Hunter, Enid

Ingersoll, Janet
Ingham, Virginia
Irwin, Mary

Jack, Joseph
Jalving, Louis
Jecwar, Grace
Johnson, Roberts
Johnston, Barbara
Johnston, Billy
Johnston, Elsie
Johnston, Myrtle
Jones, Gladys
Jones, Francis
Jordal, Reginald
Kanode, Dorothy
Kelley, Laura
Kellogg, Flora
Kincade, Pauline
Kent, Ethel
King, Arno
King, John
Kinney, Gerald
Kingzinger, Eva
Kipp, Karlene
Klein, Bobbie
Kline, Irving
Knauth, Basil
Knight, Dayl
Knoll, Madelyn
Knowles, Max
Kraus, Emma
Kriebel, Merle
Kubont, Carl

Lager, Charles
Lain, John
Lamaie, Paul
Landesdel, Edna
Langworthy, F.
Lapsley, John, Jr.
Larson, Gerald
Lash, Victor
Lautermilch, Russell
Lawler, Mammie
Leeder, Irene
Leinbach, Mary
Leiner, Lorene
Letts, Frank
Lewis, Harry
Lewis, William
Lichtenstein, Blanche
Lindh, Earl
Link, Eleanor
Lockhart, Charles
Lorentz, Edna
Love, Bill
Lovell, Eleanor
Lowe, Ralph
Luce, Donald
Luck, James
Luckhardt, Mary
Lundeen, Robert

Macune, Virginia
Magette, Susan
Manke, Rea
Marshall, Gladys
Mason, Glen
Mason, Julian
Maus, Paul
May, John



Bradford and Barbara Hixon
Buffalo, N. Y.
6 years



Billy Hughes
Lamar, Colo.
10 years



Alma Wheelhouse
Arlington, Ore.
10 years



Max Schotts
Claremont, Calif.
8 years



Helen Laverinto
Denver, Colo.
10 years



Donald Spearman
Montreal, Que.
6 years



Gracia Balden
Chicago, Ill.

Maycock, William
Mayer, Marshall
MacArthur, Margaret
McBurnie, Gladys
McCaleb, Robert
McCarter, James
MacCawley, Lucille
McCollum, Kenneth
McCormick, Peggy
McDermott, Samuel
McDonald, Flora
McFarland, Lanier
Meckley, Eleanor
Melhorn, Carolyn
Melton, Helen
Meserve, Wilbur
Messalar, Vivian
Meyer, Urban
Michael, Audrey
Miller, Helen
Miller, Jack
Mills, Billy
Mires, Kingsley
Misbach, Mildred
Mishler, Janice
Mosler, Maurine
Monser, John
Moody, Edwin
Moreland, Ethel
Morley, Robert
Morris, Virginia
Moxham, Gertrude
Naylor, Catherine
Neff, Charles
Nelson, John
Nicholl, Joyce
Noble, Lois
Nokland, Gilbert
Noonan, Alice
Norton, Margaret
Opal, Tessie
O'Reilly, William
Orsborn, Lucille
Owen, Lois
Packard, Marjorie
Panz, Fred
Parker, Lois
Patterson, Beatrice
Patterson, Madeline
Peterson, Ardon
Peterson, Edith
Peton, Ralph
Peyton, Ralph
Phillips, Spencer
Pierce, Josephine
Place, Hilda
Plambeck, Elna
Plambeck, Irma
Poindexter, Julia
Pomeroy, Lee
Pond, Irene
Pond, Marjorie
Potts, Bobby
Potts, Francis
Powell, Mary
Pratt, Charles
Pratt, Mary Nell
Pratt, Richard
Priest, Homer Jr.
Pursel, Martha
Puttlinger, Ruth
Ramlo, Clark
Ranke, Edith
Rasmussen, Florence
Rauch, Elizabeth
Reece, Dorothy
Reece, Marian
Reed, Donald
Reed, Marion
Reynolds, Eliot
Reynolds, Mildred
Rhea, Betty
Rich, Archie
Richards, Julia
Richards, Lucia
Richards, Mildred
Richert, Bertha
Rickard, Rembrandt
Riff, Helen
Rineard, Dorothy
Rinehart, Nina
Robertson, Louise
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